

ΕΡΩΤΟΠΟΛΙΣ.

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THE  
Present State  
OF  
BETTY-LAND.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Tbo. Fox*, at the *White-Hart*, over against *Sr. Dunstons-Church* in *Fleet-Street*; and at the *Angel* in *Westminster-Hall*, 1684.

EPOTHOVAIZ

Printed at

the Press

BETTY-LAND  
OF  
BETTY-LAND



LONDON

Printed by R. F. ...  
H. ...  
P. ...



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**T**HE Country of *Betty-Land* is a Continent adjoining to the Isle of *Man*, having the Island of *Man* wholly under its Jurisdiction, it is of so large an Extent, that it spreads its self through all degrees whatsoever, but the chiefest degrees which are known to those that travel are from 16 to 45 both of Southern and Northern Latitude, they that steer by the Rules of Compass shall never know the Dominions of it. The Planet which rules it is *Venus*, tho some

aver that it lies all within the Tropick of *Capricorn*, but for that Constellation which is called *Virgo*; there are very few of the Inhabitants of this Country can endure to hear it named: they wonder what that lusty Planet the *Sun* can have to do with it.

In this vast Empire of *Betty-land* there are several very large Provinces, as the Province of *Rutland*, wherein stands the Metropolis of the whole Empire called *Pega*, the great Province of *Bedford*, the wide Province of *Will-shire*, the Province of *Guelderland* very little inhabited, the Province of *Slavonia*, the Province of *Curland*, the Province of *Maldavia*, famous for the great City of *Lipsick*, the vast Territory of *Croatia*, with the Province of *Holland*, a mighty Tract of land under the Command of Count *Horne*, with many others too long to repeat: There

There was formerly a certain Promontory or neck of land lying in this Country, called the *Cape of Good Hope*, but time has so utterly defac't it that there is hardly any sign thereof now remaining. The Temperature of the Soyl is as various as you may imagine any Climate to be that lies under so many far distant Meridians, sometimes so cold (especially when it feels the refreshing influences of Wealth and Youth decay, that Winter is more kind, nay the very hearts of the people will be frozen, and a Cart loaden with whole Canon may go over the streams of their former affection, nothing but Ice of Disdain, hail-stones of Malice, and most bitter storms of Reproach: sometimes sd'hot again, that a man had better be let down in a basket in at the great hole of Mount *Aetna*, than travel in some parts of the

Country, but touch it sometimes, and you shall lose a Member; it is worse than the Church-yard in *Paris*, which consumes dead Carcasses in four and twenty hours; for if a man make a hole in some part of the mould, and put but an inch of his flesh in, it will raise such a flame in his body, as would make him think Hell to be upon Earth: to say truth, the nature of the Soyl is very strange, so that if a man do but take a piece of it in his hand, 'twill cause (as it were) an immediate *Delirium*, and make a man fall flat upon his face upon the ground, where if he have not a care, he may chance to lose a limb, swallowed up in a whirl-pit, not without the Effusion of the choycest part of the blood: But for Tillage, the Soyl is so proper, and so delightful it is to manure, that be it fruitful, or be it barren, men take the greatest

est

est pleasure in the world to plow it and sow it, nay there are some men that take it for so great a pastime, that they will give some a thousand some two thousand pound a year for a little spot in that Country, not so big as the palm of your hand: Herein it is of a different nature from all other Soyls, for tho it be fertile enough, yet after you have sufficiently plowed it and sown it, it requires neither showres nor the dew of Heaven, nor puts the husbandman to the troublesome Prayers for the alteration of weather; yet if the husbandman be not very careful to tend it and water it himself every night, once or twice a night, as they do Marjoram after Sun-set, he will find a great deal of trouble all the year long, tho there be a sort of Philosophers that understand the nature of the Soyl very well, who

say that that kind of Husbandry is very unnatural and very inconvenient for the Soyl, and that it were far better for a provident Husbandman to have 3 or 4 or half a dozen farms one under another than to spend so much time, toyl and labour altogether in vain, for thereby many times the Crop comes to nothing, and tho it may be very well got off the ground and seem fair for the time, yet when you think to have the benefit of it, you shall see it afterwards come to nothing, and moulder away like a rotting Orange: If the Soyl be barren, all the dung in the world will never do it any good, yet the more barren it is, the more will the Soyl cleave and gape for moisture, the sands of *Arabia* are not so thirsty, and yet as if there were a kind of witchcraft in the Soyl, there are thousands of Husbandmen so strangely besotted, that

when

When they have hap'ned upon such a barren spot as this, yet they will not stick to lay out their whole stock upon it, tho they know it to be all to no purpose, whereby many Husbandmen come to ruine, not being able to pay their Land-Jords; if the Soyl prove fruitful, then they are as mad again on the other side, then they so overstock it with variety of Flowers and Colours, so tyre out Art with Inventions to beautifie nature, that when winter comes there is hardly a leaf left to cover the ground; as to the colour of the Soyl you shall have it very much vary, for in some places you shall meet with a sandy mould which is generally very rank and very hot in its temperature, so that it requires the greatest labour of all to manure it, sometimes you shall light upon a kind of a white Chalk or marly kind of a Soyl not so difficult to

manure, and besides the heart of the ground will be soon eaten out; sometimes you meet with a brown mould which is of two sorts, either light brown, or dark brown. Husbandmen generally take great delight in manuring either of these, for the Air is there generally wholesome, and not so much annoyed with morning and evening Fogs and Vapours as the former, besides that, the husbandman shall be sure to have his penny-worth out of them, for they will seldom lye fallow; take which you will, but if you meet with a black Soyl, be sure you take short Leases, and sit at an easie Rent, lest your back pay for the Tillage, for you must labour there night and day and all little enough: To tell you the truth, choose which of them you will, 'tis a cursed expensive thing to manure any of them all according as the Soyl requires, especially in the



the Northern parts of the Country, where the generality of the Husbandmen seem to have forfeited their discretion in this particular, as if the very Air of the Soyl in those parts had a kind of bewitching Charm to deprive 'em of their senses. These Soyls if they prove very fruitful indeed, shall sometimes bring you 3 Crops at a time, sometimes 2, but generally 1, a strange sort of Harvest, for it consists chiefly in Mandrakes; they bring forth both Male and Female, which are very tender when they appear first above ground, and must be tended more diligently than Musk-Melons in cold weather, but if they overcome their first tenderness, they grow as hardy as Bur Docks, and will over-run a Country like *Jerusalem*-Artichoaks. These Mandrakes are very much esteemed by the generality of husbandmen, who do very much lament the loss of their

Crop,

Crop, which many times miscarries after it is come out of the Earth, for it is very often blasted and sometimes (through the carelessness of idle hufwives their maid Servants) swept out of doors, and thrown into houses of Office, where (though Man's dung be counted the best of all dungs) these Plants will never thrive afterwards; these Husbandmen that delight in Gardens, find many Flowers there growing very agreeable to the nature of every one of the foregoing Soyls; among the rest, they bear *Batchelors Buttons* very familiarly, there is also great store of *Love lies a bleeding*, but above all *sweet Williams*, and *Tickle me* quickly are to be found there in great abundance, sometimes (tho' very rarely here and there) you may find some few slips of *Patience*, flower *Gentle*, and *Harts-ease*, but *Rue* grows up and down as thick

thick as Grass in *Ireland*; there are also great quantities of Time, but the people of the Country slightly esteem it and make very little use of it. Fowl they have in great plenty, but above all, the most infinite flights of Wagtailes that ever were seen in any Country in the world. Beasts they have none but what are horned, except the Hare and Coney, but these are enough to stock the Country as large as it is, were it as large again.

There is but one great River to water the whole land, besides two standing Pools which they can upon any occasion, let out and drown all the Country, which is the reason they have very little Fish, only some few Maids, but infinite numbers of Crabs, as for their Carps they are grown so common, they are hardly worth taking notice of, and indeed there

is little need of Fish, for the husbandmen being given to labour, have good stomachs and are altogether for Flesh. the great River is over-look't by a great Mountain which (strange to tell at some seasons of the year) will swell at such a rate that it is admirable to behold it, the swelling continues near  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a year, and then upon a sudden it falls as strangely again; the Husbandmen account the swelling of this Mountain very ominous, for it generally portends a very dear year: they that have not taken a Lease of their Farms, when they see this Mountain begin to swell, will run quite away for fear the law should make them stand to their Bargains: the whole Country of *Betty-land* shews you a very fair prospect, which is yet the more delightful the more naked it lies; it makes the finest Landships in the world, if they be taken at the

the full Extent; and many of your rich husbandmen will never be without them hanging at their bed sides, especially they that have no Farms of their own, meerly that they may seem to enjoy what they have not: some there are that so really believe they possess the substance by the sight of the shadow, that they fall to till and manure the very Picture with that strength of Imagination, that it is a hundred pounds to a penny they do not spoil it with their Instruments of Agriculture: others never so lazy or never so tyr'd before, upon the sight of one of these Landskips, shall revive again and go as fresh and lusty to their labour as if they never had been weary: I could wish these Customs were left off of hanging these Landskips by the husbandmen's bed sides, for the consequences thereof are very mischievous, seeing that it causes them  
to

to desire and covet one anothers Farms with that eagerness, as if they were in open Hostility with the Tenth Commandment, so that where they cannot get the prospect itself, they will have a Land skip and occupy one anothers Estate in conceit : In a word, the prospect of *Betty-land* is so grateful, so pleasing to the Eye, that the Country would be over-run with Inhabitants, had not wise Nature put a stop to that extravagancy which she foresaw in Man by the badness of the Air, which is universally not so delicious in any Region of *Betty-land*, as it is in *Arabia Felix*; for neither in spring-time, which is the time whereof we now discourse, nor in summer time can the Air be very much commended, especially if the wind be anything high, which has made many Men admire why the Poets should besuch Lyers and Sycophants

to talk as they do; for some have not stuck to affirm that the Perfumes of *Betty-land* are beyond all the Odors of the East, which how true it is, I will appeal to the very Noses of the Poets themselves, who I know are as well skilled in the Country of *Betty-land* as any Husbandmen in the world; nor can any body have the confidence to contradict what I say, that shall stay but a quarter of an hour in any place where the Thrashers have been lately at work. This was the reason that the Poets would never let the Gods (who were as great Farmers as ever liv'd in *Betty-land*) lie upon any other beds than beds of Roses, and always perfum'd the Air as they went with the richest Odors they could think of, but in the Winter and Autumn seasons there is no enduring the Country: The Prospect is not worth one farthing, the ways grow deep

deep and rugged, the land grows  
 barren ; there is little or no plea-  
 sure in tilling the ground, and the  
 unwholsomness of the Air encreas-  
 ses, which is very bad for those  
 that hold their Farms by long leases,  
 yet so severely are some Husband-  
 men tyed by their Leases, especi-  
 ally in the Northern parts of this  
 Country, that there is no avoid-  
 ing them, yet some there are that  
 will for all that, privately hire a  
 new Farm, perhaps such a one  
 where neither Spade or Dibble en-  
 tered before, and then they let  
 the old only lye fallow, wherein  
 if they act cautiously, they may  
 do well enough; but if the Land-  
 lord of the old Farm come to know  
 of it, and sue upon the Covenant  
 of the old Lease, Heavens bless us  
 you would think Heaven and  
 Earth were going together, you  
 would swear all the *Lapland* Witch-  
 es were excercising their Sorceries  
 in



in *Betty-land*, such Storms, such Tempests, such Thunder, such Lightning, such Apparitions, enough to scare the poor plow-jogger out of his wits : by and by the Landlady enters upon the new Farm in the Devils name, tears down all before her, makes such a disfigurement of the Prospect, and digs up the very surface of the Soyl it self with so much indignation, havock and destruction, that you would think her to be quite raving mad, yet there shall be no impeachment of wast against her, so strictly is the husbandman bound by the Covenants of his Lease and nonsensical Custom of the Country, at which time if ye chance to tell any of these Landladies of the Civil Law, they'l presently spit in your face.

Having this fair occasion it will not be amiss to take notice by what Tenures the husbandmen hold

hold their Farms most usually in this Country, some therefore you must know hold in Tail special; true it is, that there are very few that hold by this Tenure, yet those few that do, are soon weary of it, for it puts them to very hard duty, and however they have taken a Lease hand over head or for covetousness of a good Bargain, yet it many times falls out that they meet with many Incumbrances which they never thought of, several concealed common sewers, and filthy nuisances which they never expected, so that the Landlords (as they do many times allow the husbandmen considerable sums of money to enter upon the Premises and to begin the world withal) had better have given the same money for a meaner Soyl; and yet for all this, the conditions of the Lease are so hard, that the husbandman is obliged to hold it during

ring life, which makes many of them turn ill husbands: and tho they cannot throw up their Leases, yet they neglect their Calling and let their Farms lie fallow: where- by all possibility of Issue or the hopes of any Fruit of his labour becomes Extinct. Thus a Tail Special is not always the most special Tail, and to cut it off would hazard the destruction of the whole Title, besides that there lies such an Impeachment of wast against the Husbandman that should do it, that it would undo him for ever; and therefore it is the Opinion of many, that a Tail General may be as good as a Tail Special, which tho it be the first Tenure in order in *Betty-land*, yet some there are that prefer a Tail General before it. All men must confess that a strict property in a Tail Special is a very good thing, but considering the Inconveniences that do attend

attend it, a general Tail may be esteemed the better Tenure, as being accompanied with greater Advantages, for it requires not half the fealty and homage which the other does, neither if the Husbandman will have a private Farm to himself for his divertisement is there half so much notice taken of it, and therefore they that can brook the freedom of a Tail General live very happily, and many times acquire large fortunes.

Others there are that holds by Knights Service in the Courtesy of *Betty-land*, these are notable Farmers indeed, jolly, brisk fellows that will spend with ever a Gentleman in the Country of a thousand pound a year, and make them pawn their Credit and their Substance to boot to bear up with them: these men as they have the greatest pleasure in the world to manure their Grounds, so they  
reap

reap a world of profit by their labour; nay tho the Soyl be never so long worn and out of heart, yet they will make something on't, for they seldom lose their pains. There are a sort of nice people that would fain disallow these Tenures, but seeing that they plead the common practice and plead prescription time out of mind, I know no reason why they may not pass for currant: others there are that hold in Fee simple, a miserable sort of Swains, that are always weeping to their neighbors, and telling stories of their hard Bargains; true it is, they are ty'd to execute hard labour; besides that, the Farms which they enjoy have nothing of prospect, nor are kind for tillage, the mould being generally coarse and rough, and consequently the ground either very moorish, or very heathy, and men to ban of Vermines withal, that there

there is no pleasure in the Tillage : but such husbandmen as those are no ways to be pitied, because they submit to their Calamity : others there are which are always dealing in Reversions and Remainders, a very necessary sort of husbandmen indeed, for they support the Reputation of many a Farm prejudiced by being over-occupied, which else would lie upon the Landlords hands; true it is, they run a very great hazard, but they are generally very poor men, and therefore seeing there is money to be got e'n let them get it: they are no way to be discouraged, for they help many a laborious husbandman at a dead lift, and quit them of a great deal of trouble which might otherwise befall them.

Reversions and Remainders are very frequent in this Country, especially where the husbandmen being Yeomen of the best rank hold  
either

either in Capite or in Frank-Marriage or else are Tenants at Will : These are the bravest fellows in the world ; but if the Markers run low, then the Crop lies upon their hands, which makes them willing to part with their Reversions upon any rate : They make no more of the Lord of the Manner than of a Jack-a-ident, and if they be summoned to Court, they bid the Bayliff kiss their back-sides, yet are they as industrious as any when they meet with a Farm to their liking; but the truth on't is, they are great spenders, even as fast as they get it; happy are those Farms which they manure, for they spare for no cost to increase their own content : The mischief on't is, they must have great flocks or else they can never go through with what they undertake, nor must they

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have

have only good Magazines to spend high, but good store of discretion to boot, or else they may chance to bring an old house over their heads for all their great substance, for the world is full of Eyes and Ears, full of prying busie-bodies and observers in every Corner; so that a husbandman let him hold by what Tenure he pleases, cannot be too wary or too cautious. Two Philosophers meeting upon the Road fell into a Discourse about these three last sorts of Tenures, says one of them who was a perfect Cynick, I approve none of the three last sort of Tenures; You are a fool, reply'd the other, and understand the nature of *Betty-land* no more then a horse, the people in that Country are naturally given to love freedom and liberty, naturally prone to change and variety, and therefore as long as

as



as you may find these Tenures in *Littleton*, as I am sure you may, they cannot be bad; can you change the nature of the Soyl? no more can you change the nature of the Husbandmen, for tho you thrust Nature back with a fork she will push forwards again: if they manure their Farms well, and you see the fields full and fair and swelling with Grain, if they make them bear their Crops in season, what is it to you how many Farms they have, how long or how little they hold them, especially when there are so many gaping after Reversions; were it in a Country where there are more Farmers than Farms, I grant you there were some reason for what you say, but every man of reading knows that *Bettyland* is a Country where there are ten Farms for one Farmer, and it is great pity that any Farm should lye fallow for want of manuring.

Now when one Farmer takes one Farm for pleasure, another for profit, that Farmer takes two; when another Farmer takes one farm for profit, another for pleasure, and another upon good liking, he takes three, and so all the Farms come to be occupied: As for being Tenants at Will, and so leaving their Farms when they will, 'tis not a farthing matter, for let one husbandman have a Farm to day, another will take it to-morrow; on the other side, you must consider, that tho a husbandman have one, two or three Farms to himself, yet there is no Farmer in *Berry-land* can enclose his own ground all the year long by the custom of the Country, but that from *Lammas* to *St. Pauls-tide*, it must lie common for the benefit of his neighbors, which is allowed in Law, and is called common because of neighborhood: nay  
more

more then that, there is hardly a Farm in *Betty-land*, where there is not some ground that lies common all the year long; so that if the poor husbandman had not some private Enclosures to relie to, his case were the worst case of all the cases in the world: to say truth, there is such a world of Common in *Bettyland*, that a husbandman is not to be blamed to get as much Enclosure as he can: and more than this, when the ground begins once to lie common, it receives all the Beasts in nature, not excepting Swine, Geese and Goats, which all other Commons admit not of.

The whole Country of *Bettyland* lies very low, which is the reason that there is hardly a Farm in any part of it without a Decoy, nor is the cunning of the Decoy-ducks less notorious, for they exceed all other Decoy-ducks that

are in the world in wiles and subtilty. There is not a Widgeon in in all the Country, but has a Decoy-duck to wait upon him, and they lay their Trains so cunningly, that it is impossible to escape them, and as they are very cunning, so they are very cruel, for they never get a Gull into their Decoy, but they shall pull off all his feathers: these Decoys are some Natural, some Artificial; there is not a pin to choose betwixt them, for they are both plaguy devouring things, and clear all the Country before them, of whatever game they seek after. *Orpheus* in his *Argonautiques*, speaking of a great Decoy-duck in his time (which the people of *Betty-land* called by the name of *Circe*) says that she was so curiously set out *ἐν δαπνὶ πολλῇς θαυσεὺς ἐκροποιῆτες*. That all men admir'd her that beheld her, and were so stupified with the sight of her gaiety

ty that they could make no resistance against her, for saith the same Author, ἀπὸ κεφαλῆς γὰρ εἰσέρειρα——  
 ποταμὸν ἀκλίνευσιν ἀλέγκιοι ἠωρηντο,  
 her golden feathers shone like the Sun-beams, nor do they cry like other Ducks : for they have most delicate voices, and can sing far beyond any Nightingales.

There is no Country in the world that has Decoy-ducks like *Betty-land*, being a rarity nowhere else to be found, were there not so many of them, you would verily take them to be Phenixes : for they are many times burnt in their own Nests. This Decoy-duck called *Circe*, had like to have spoiled us two of the best Stories we have extant : *Homers Ulysses*, and *Virgils Æneid*, for this very Duck had like to have drawn the two great Hero's of the world, *Ulysses* and *Æneas* into the Decoys of *Betty-land*, to the ruine of all the

projects of the very Gods themselves.

There was another Decoy-duck no less famous than the former, which was called *Medea*, a damnd mischiefous Bird, tho' for the beauty of her wings said to be the Sun's Grand-child : for what ever game she gets into her Decoy, she utterly ruins, and therefore *Nicander* a great Farmer in *Betty-land* and the high-Constables fellow for knowledge of the Country, gives his fellow-husbandmen very good caution, for saith he——

Ἦν δὲ τὸ Μηδείης Κολυμβίδος ἱερθόμενον πῦρ——

If a poor husbandman come to be decoy'd into one of her Decoys.

ἢ παρὰ χεῖλη——

Δευομένῃ διαλύκῳ ἰάπῳαι ἐνδεθι κρέμυς——

the poor Widgeon had better a thousand times have fallen into the Pousterers hands.

From

From these two famous Decoy-ducks, have all the Decoy-ducks in *Betty-land* learnt all their wiles and cunning Tricks, and if any thing of nature be wanting, they have all their kinck-knacks, all their postures, gestures, trickings and trimmings imaginable to help nature; for they know as well as can be, how weakly those Avenues to the understanding (the Eyes and Ears,) are guarded, and therefore they chiefly lay their Trains there: if they see a Widgeon or a Gull pass by, they will spread their Tails like so many Peacocks, and set the poor silly birds a staring like so many Country Bumpkins at a Coronation. By and by comes a flight of Dotterels, and then they set up their throats and sing, and sing and fly, and fly and sing; so that the foolish Fowl bewitcht with their Quail-pipes, follow their bird-

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calls

calls to whatever inconveniences they are minded to carry them into. Some are of that opinion, that it is an easie thing to avoid these Decoys: but how can that be, when we find that both *Ulysses* and *Æneas* were forced to have some God or other always tyed to their tails to keep them out of harms way? Some there are indeed, that by dint of main Prudence escape the danger, but for one of those there are a thousand others that have nothing but their dear-bought Experience to preserve them: And for one of those ten thousand more that will suffer themselves to be decoy'd fix or seven and twenty times over, till they have not one feather to cover their tails: for the nature of these Decoys is such, that tho they feed a simple husbandman (that all the while neglects the manuring of his own Farm) with such



such pleasure and content, yet they consume and waſt both body and purſe moſt deſperately and inſenſibly: deſperately, becauſe injarably; inſenſibly, becauſe the ſilly husbandman wallowing in preſent delight, neither conſults or minds approaching miſfortune, yet if a Gull or a Dotterel or a Widgeon have a mind to be reveng'd upon a Decoy-duck that has been too cunning for him, there is a way to do it, by ſetting another Decoy-duck upon her.

Thus when the Decoy-duck *Medea* would have decoy'd the greateſt Farmer in all *Betty-land* (even *Jupiter* himſelf) *Juno* who was *Jupiters* Decoy-duck took her and wrung off her neck, and ſurely *Juno* ſerv'd her well enough for a proud Quinſtrel as ſhe was, that ſpent all the morning in laying her Nets, if we may believe *Apollonius Rhodius*, another  
great

great Farmer in *Betty-land* who describes her.

αἶλος νοτῖδενι καρη ἐπιφαιδρυν ἔσαν.

Trimming and pruning her Feathers by the Sea-side, that is to say, sitting before a great looking-Glass in her Smock-sleeves, with her Hair dishevell'd, and her Neck and Breasts bare, expecting the coming of the great Farmer *Jupiter*, but *Juno* prevented them both, as you have heard: and so much for the Decoys in *Betty-land*.

For the Antiquity of the Country we need not go far to search it out: no sooner was there any light delivered to the world by Letters, but the first discovery that was made, was the discovery of *Betty-land*: what it was before may be easily conjectured, but in the time of the Greek and Roman Poets, it was a flourishing Kingdom even in Heav'n it self: containing

taining all that large Tract which was in Greek called "Οὐρανός: nay, even *Cælum* itself from whom Heaven was called *Cælum*, was a Farmer in that Country, and so great a husband man, so great and so industrious a Manurer of his Farms, that *Orpheus* calls him "Οὐρανὸν παρρηϊέ-  
*Twæ*: And by the Latine Poet he is said,

— *Fæcundis Imbribus*

*Conjugis in Gremium lata descendere.*  
 And how he stockt the world with Mandrakes, you may easily read in *Hesiod*, who in his *Theogony* wrote of the Celestial Agriculture, as *Markham* among us wrote of Terrestrial Husbandry.

*Saturn* also was a great Husbandman in the Celestial part of *Betty-land*, and because he liv'd upon his Means, was therefore said to eat his own Children: But for *Jupiter*, he was certainly the greatest Husband-man that ever was in the

the whole World, for he had Farms in both *Betty-lands*, and was so industrious and so infatigable in manuring and tilling them, that he left no stone unturn'd of which he could make any Advantage: And therefore *Aratus* who was a kind of an Almanack-maker to the Celestial Farmers says of him with a great deal of flattery,

— μέτ' αὖτε ὃ Διὸς πασῶν μὲν ἀγῆαι  
Πασῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἀγροῖαί μιν δὲ θα-  
λασσα — καὶ λιμένες,

so that there was not a publique high-way, not a market-place in all the Country which he left unplow'd: nay the very Sea, the very Rivers and Lakes were full of his Husbandry; by that you may guess that he left a great stock behind him. The same Poet seems also to intimate that he was the first Founder (as much as we say *Jupiter* was the first husbandman in the world) of *Betty-land*, as *Nimrod*

was

was the first founder of the Babilonish Empire ; for saith he in the beginning of his Poem, a *Joveprincipium*, *Apollonius Rhodius* gives us a notable Character of him.

Κεῖνω γὰρ αἰεὶ ταθε ἔργα μέμνηεν  
Ἥε σὺν ἀθανάταις ἢ θνητοῖσιν ἰδμεν.

He was so great a husbandman that there was never a Farm either in the Terrestrial or Celestial *Bettyland*, but he would be thrusting his Spade into it ; to tell the truth, all the Poets Fables concur to show you the Original, Encrease and vast Extent of the Country of *Bettyland* ; such as are the Stories of *Calum*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Venus*, *Priapus*, *Adonis*, *Bacchus*, *Aristius*, (and the rest too long to repeat) all great Husbandmen that kept their plows going day and night. As to the Terrestrial *Bettyland*, what think you of that most applauded Farmer *Hercules* ? that so many Ages ago plow'd and sow'd so large

large Farms in one night : what havock, what killing and slaying of the poor Grecians, what a destruction of unhappy *Troy*, and all for one unhappy Farm belonging to that City which *Menelaus* laid claim to : what think ye of *Demasthenes* that so many years since gave for the possession of a small Farm lying about *Athens* only for one night 312 l. ? for so *Gellius* records.

In what a flourishing condition was the Country of *Betty-land* in the time of *Menander*, *Aristophanes*, *Anacreon*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Tribullus*, *Ovid*, *Martial* and *Petronius*, who all wrote of the Husbandry and Tillage of their times ? In the Infancy of the world, *Priapus* had so engross'd all the Farms in the Country *Lampsacus*, a fair Territory of *Betty-land*, by reason of the unusual Activity, largeness and strength of his Plow, that  
the

the Countrymen conspired against him for monopolizing their Livings : I might insist longer upon the Antiquity of *Betty-land*, but that I am apt to believe there is no man so simple to question it. They may as well deny the Sun, who was no sooner made, but he fell to tilling and cultivating the vast and most immense Fields of nature, for the whole Region of *Betty-land* holds of nature as her chief Sovereign and Empress, and the Sun as her sole Steward to gather her Quit-Rents, provide Tenants and let Livings ; and therefore if you come to any Farmer in *Betty-land*, and ask him how he came to take such affection to the husbandry of that Country, he will make answer presently, 'tis natural to him : And for any Soyl to bear that Seed which is proper for it, that all the world knows to be natural. Now as to  
the

the force of natures Impulse, I shall say more when I come to the Religion of the Country; seeing then it is the Impulse of Nature that moves the Husbandmen of *Betty-land* to take upon them that Toyl and Labor which they undergo night and day: should they be blam'd for what they cannot avoid? for who can blame a Jack for turning the spit when the weight is on, or a wheel for turning round when a Dog walks in it; rather there ought a way to be found out for the Incouragement of these Moylers and Toylers; for tho all men are prone to be drudges in *Betty-land*, yet the husbandry of the Country is quite out of order; there is no method at all observed amongst them, a most wonderful thing that in so vast a Country and so long continuance, there never yet was found any Region wherein the Husbandry of *Betty-land* was



was so exactly ordered, as in that small part of it as was once called *Centilepa*, for it is observed in that part of *Bettyland*; the Price of Farms ran always very low; the only way to restore the decay of *Betty-land* husbandry; therefore we read of one very rich Farmer there, who bought a very fair Farm in that Country for thirty change of Rayments, and of another great Farmer that bought a Royal Farm in the same place, for one hundred fore-skins: a very inconsiderable price, considering what poor Farmers are forc't to give now a-days. The Druids in the Island of *Britannia* a very large part of *Betty-land*, aim'd at this very thing when they Entail'd their Lands upon their Male-Mandrakes, had they Entayl'd their Substance in Mony as well as in Land, they had hit the Mark; It is to be wondred

wondred that in a Country of so much freedom as *Betty-land* is, and Govern'd by constitutions so far different from other Countries, Landlords should be so egregiously led astray to give such vast Sums of Money to put off their Farms, tho never so fruitful, never so flourishing: For the Muck of Portions tho it be spread never so thick upon a *Betty-land* Farm, avails nothing to the fertility thereof, rather it is the greatest Inconvenience in the world to a *Betty-land* Farmer, for he understanding that there lies a Silver or a Gold Mine in such a Farm, or such an Hesperian Orchard is laden with golden Apples, will have at them by hook or by crook; let them be watch'd never so carefully by those *Draggons* called *Boarding-School-Mistresses*: besides that, if they had a thousand Eyes, there is a way

way to lay those *She-Arguses* asleep, and when all comes to all, neither Orchard nor Farm are agreeable to his mind, or fit for Tillage: nay many times the ground proves barren, marshy, unwholsom, rank, and mountainous; so that there is no profit nor pleasure in manuring or dressing it: whereas if those Allurements lay not before the Eyes of the Husbandman, he would choose the most delightful Prospects, the most fruitful Soyls: and the substance of the Country being contracted into the hands of the husbandmen only, would make the Farmers more able to maintain their husbandry: then you should hear none of those common complaints of Landlords, by reason of their Farms lying upon their hands; nay you should not see an indifferent Farm in all the Country of *Betty-land* lye wast

wast and ruinous for want of Tillage : whereas now how many fair delicate fruitful Soyls lie fallow ? how many beautiful Orchards lie undrest ? because they either want Silver Mines, or are not laden with golden Apples : Another great discouragement to the Husbandry of *Betty-land* is this, that the extreme folly of the husbandmen themselves is not some way restrain'd ; for they having obtain'd a rich Farm, doat upon it with so much vanity, that they spend more labour and cost upon one Farm, then would serve to maintain forty good Farms in full heart, so that divide a Farmers whole substance in six parts, he shall wast and consume five parts and an half upon one single Farm, which is a great cause of the general Impoverishment of the *Betty-land* Husbandmen. Then comes a third, and as grievous a discouragement

agement as any; for these Rich Soyls by reason of their Richness grow rank and proud, and then the poor husbandman is so plagued with Weeds, Nettles, and wild-Artichocks, that none can imagine it, but they that feel the trouble: you shall see nothing but the gay Poppies that kill and burn up his profitable Harvest, and which is worst of all, the poor Farmer is left without Remedy. For in the Northern parts of *Betty-land* there is no help: pull them by the roots he cannot, they are got so deep in the Earth; let him take a weeding-hook in his hand, and the whole Country cries out upon him, and besides all this, *Petro-*  
*nins*——

*Lex armata sedet circum fera li-*  
*mina Nuptæ.*

The Stream of the Law runs quite against the Farmers, for the Law is so careful to prevent wast  
and

and destruction that it will not admit of gentle pruning, for fear some of the more impatient Fort should thence take an occasion not only to injure, but confound their Farms.

Having thus given you a Description of the Country, it may not be amiss to shew you something of the nature of the Inhabitants. They are generally very Amorous, or rather universally given to Love; which according to the interpretation of some of the Sages, is as much as to say Libidinous: for the Temper of Mandrakes both Male and Female is for the most part both hot and moist, which are the Principles of Generation; which is the Principal foundation of all Love, that is to say, of that which is generally reputed to be Love, which by another name is call'd Desire, according to that of the Poet.

*Nil*

*Nil amor est aliud Veneris quam  
parca voluptas,*

*Quæ simul expleta est infinita  
ora Rubor.*

For you must know there is no true and real Love in the whole Country of *Betty-land*, and therefore there was never any Shepherd in *Betty-land* that lov'd a Shepherdes with that height and true Affection as Shepherds have lov'd Shepherds; never had husbandman so much kindness for the richest Farm, the most beautiful Prospect, the most fruitful and most agreeable Soyl in *Betty-land*, as *Damon* had for *Pythias*, *Theseus* never had that Affection for *Ariadne*, as he had for *Pirithous*: nor shall the Story of *Orpheus* stand in my way, tho he sued *Pluto* for a Farm that *Persephone* had taken from him. For if *Euridice* was his Soul, I cannot blame  
C him

him that he followed the croud  
 of his brother Harpers to Hell  
 when that was departed: but  
 take him how you please, one  
 Swallow makes no Summer, and  
 the Reason is plain. For the in-  
 habitants of *Berry-land* love one  
 another, not out of any true Af-  
 fection, but for the hopes of Re-  
 ward and self-Satisfaction: which  
 Reward or Satisfaction decaying  
 through Age or Infirmities, the  
 great Love that was just now,  
 cools in a moment like the Fat  
 of Venison: And therefore *Berry-  
 land* Love is but a hot degree and  
 eager pursuit after pleasure, which  
 encreases sometimes to that height,  
 that both Shepherds and Shepher-  
 desses seem to be mad; which was  
 the reason that when *Jupiter* took  
 away the fair Shepherdes, call'd  
*Europa*, out of Terrestrial *Berry-  
 land*, the Poets feign'd him to be  
 turn'd into a Bull, a beast most  
 la-



lascivious and impetuous in the  
 chase of his Amours. No less  
 did this fury appear formerly in  
 the female Inhabitants of Betty-  
 land, while *Semiramis* rages for  
 the Embraces of her Son, and *Pa-*  
*pho* roars for the Pizzle of a Bull;  
 and no question but the Temper  
 of that little spot of Ground be-  
 longing to the Shepherdes *Massa-*  
*des*, still continues: wearied tho  
 not satiated the 11th (*quinta & vi-*  
*gesima Concubita*) had been plow-  
 ed and harrowed twenty five times  
 in a day and a night: Could the  
 numberless number of consum'd  
 and wasted Calves of the poor  
 husbandmen speak? Could you  
 but hear the Bannings and Cur-  
 sings in *Quevedo's Hell of untimely*  
*Antepinos*, exhausted and drain'd  
 with continual Labor; Could you  
 but behold the many Sacrifices of  
 Lust, the many Martyrdoms of fe-  
 male pastime? would but your

reserv'd Nurses, Chamber-maids, and Apothecaries but vouchsafe to open the Cabinets of their Breasts, how many regal Pasts, incarnating Electuaries, restoring Potions they give in a year; you would, in soon be acquainted with the nature of *Betty-land-Love*; which is so far from being true Love, that it is only a continual practice of Surprize. The flames of Desire like a Candle discovering the secret Paths and Labyrinths which the Shepherds and shepherdesses of all Sexes, Ages, Degrees, and Humors choose in pursuit of their Amorous Designs.

Thus we find the Love of the Shepherds in *Betty-land*, to be more fierce, of the Shepherdesses to be more constant; how Youth loves wantonly, old Age ridiculously: They that are poor strive to please by Officiousness & continual Duty, the Rich oblige by Gifts, the middle

middle sort puts their Confidence  
 in Invitations, Fish-Dinners, and  
 Spring-Garden-Collations; the  
 Nobler sort of Arcadians in Masques  
 and Enterludes. In some parts  
 of *Berry-land* you shall find the in-  
 ingenious Lover as full of dissimu-  
 lation as an Egg full of meat, u-  
 sing a kind of elaborate Court-  
 ship, praising the Object of his  
 Affection in high strains of Madri-  
 gals and Eclogues, and preferring  
 her for the fairest in the World,  
 when he thinks nothing less: if  
 he grow jealous, he observes her  
 as a Cat watcheth a Mouse, if he  
 miss her, then he curses her to the  
 pit of Hell: others impatient, mad,  
 and restless in their Desires, be-  
 wall their Flames at the feet of  
 their Goddess, and invoak her Pi-  
 ty; if he enjoys her, he either  
 grows jealous of her, and kills her,  
 or being thoroughly satiated, pro-  
 stitutes her: but if he despair of

Enjoyment, then no man more crucifies himself, no man seemingly desires to die with more willingness; as if his Peace were absolutely made in Heaven. The wanton Lover is all for obsequious Admiration, for Songs, Jest, and Tales; Jealousie makes him as melancholy as an old Cat; Despair hurries him to Revenge, to Scandal and Reproach, and many times to attempt Violence; Enjoyment makes him despise her easie fondness, and as much desire another. Others are a long time before they grow warm, but being once inflam'd, they spare for no Cost: Jealousie makes him clutch his Fists, where he misses his Aim he returns Contempt: Enjoyment causes him to grow cold. Some pretend a world of Kindness, others dissemble and conceal their Flames to be more belov'd then they are: and some can love without being jealous.

jealous: some are for a jocund Humor, not regarding Beauty; others love a mild, others a Confident Behaviour. Some by spending their time altogether in the Sport of Love; others tho late, and when they have spent their whole Estates, come to their Senses again. With such variety of Passions does *Bettyland-Love* transport the Minds of her Inhabitants.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses are also very great Lyers generally throughout the whole Territory of *Bettyland*, for they make no more of an Oath, a Vow, or a Protestation, than a *Sussex* Bumpkin does of a pudding-Cake in a morning for his Breakfast. They are used in the Sieges of *Bettyland-Love* to blow up the fortresses of Chastity, like barrels of Powder in Mines: if the Female have the handling of them, you shall see a

foolish Husbandmans Guineys fly  
in the Air like *Opdam* and his ships-  
Company.

As for Matrimony, the true  
Natives of *Betty-land*, neither Male  
nor Female do admire it; for the  
old Sages of the Country say,

*Uxorem--Rosa Cinamomum  
veretur,*

*Quicquid queritur optimum vi-  
detur.*

And indeed the Fetters of Ce-  
remony are utterly disagreeable  
to the frank humor of the Inha-  
bitants of this Country, for they  
being a less sort of People, reject  
all Laws of Convenience, when  
they are repugnant to their own  
Appetites; and falsely mistaking the  
instinct of Nature, for the Law  
of Nature, as idly cry out, that  
the Law of Convenience must sub-  
mit to the Law of Nature: ta-  
king the instinct or impulse of Na-  
ture, which is effrene and rang-  
ing,

ing, for the Law of Nature, which  
 is curbing and restraining; which  
 makes use of Laws of Conveni-  
 ence; to put a *Nil ultra* to Exor-  
 bitance; but like *Phleggus* in *Vir-*  
*gil* preaching in Hell with his dis-  
*tinguished* *justitiam moniti*;—what does  
 this grave Cosmographer do her tal-  
 king to a company of hair-brain'd  
 Mad-caps & Epicures, with Gad-  
 bees in their Tails & who follow-  
 ing the Examples of the greatest  
 Husbandmen and Huswives in the  
 world, as of *Hannibal* at *Capua*, *Achil-*  
*les* and *Briseis*, *Cesar* and *Cleopatra*,  
*Heracles* & *Iolo*, *Ladislaus* of *Poland*,  
*Charles* the VIII. & thousands more,  
 will be never induc'd to believe that  
 so famous and so many Husband-  
 men could err, nor ever be per-  
 suaded to swerve from manifold  
 Examples, especially *ut ad*  
*Magnam cum subeant animos au-*  
*tem in toribus.* *ut ad*  
 And therefore a great Author  
 C 5 speak-

speaking of the chiefest Husbandmen in *Betty-land*, casts a Sardonic Smile upon all those that should endeavour to work a Reformation in that Country, as computing it as ridiculous a Labor, as for Quakers to attempt to Convert the Pope, for faith he

*"Tam levia habentur a Pudor matrimonii jura, ut praelibito utraque uxores repudient, mutant atque permittunt, filias filiasque tot Nuptiis copulant & recipiunt, ut nescire rogamur ubi verum cohereat illarum Matrimonium."*

However they want not a good Excuse, and say that where Nature is lac'd too strait with the Bond of Convenience, she ought not to be put into fits, for want of a little Liberty. And that many times occasion requires that the Law



Law should be cut, rather than  
 forcibly undone. That the strict-  
 nesses of the Law of Convenience  
 begets a haughty Usurpation of  
 the meaner Sex over their Superi-  
 ors, which is more repugnant than  
 any Convenience can be agree-  
 able to the Law of Nature? That  
 there is no better way for the hus-  
 bandmen of *Bettyland* to curb  
 that Usurpation, than to show  
 their Usurpers how far they can  
 expand their Favors. As for that  
 thing call'd Equality, the Hus-  
 bandmen of *Bettyland* spurn it  
 under their feet, and call him *Boc-  
 ed de porco*, that first made men-  
 tion of it: for say they, if you  
 weigh in a just Ballance, the  
 Majesty of Masculine Form, the  
 Grandeur of his Understanding,  
 the Preheminence of his Origi-  
 nal, the Power of his Actual Pro-  
 vocation, with the Chiefest Perfection  
 of the Female Sex; what will  
 become

become of that hen-peckt *Barb-  
minum* of Equality? They add fur-  
ther, That *Agrippa* for his *Treatise  
de præcellentia feminei sexus* ought to  
have made as publick a Recantation,  
as he does for his Books of Occult  
Philosophy. If their Admirers  
object the incomparable Fabrica-  
ture of that particular part where  
human Off-spring is concern'd,  
tis no more then if you should  
admire that most curious piece of  
Natures workmanship, the head  
of a Fly, which is all the while  
but the head of a Fly.

Thus you see Opinions were  
always at war one with another,  
and it is only the Clue of under-  
standing, that must lead you  
through the vast Labyrinths of  
national Customs. The native  
Shepherdes of *Betty-land* desire  
vehemently, Love but indifferently  
and very unconstantly: yet whe-  
ther they Love, or whether they  
hate,

hate, they will dissemble with  
 the most politick Shepherd that ever  
 was known in all *Arcadia*. But where  
 they do Love out of Affection  
 (which is very seldome) they will  
 venture through fire and water: I  
 have known, said *Eumolpus*, when  
 a Shepherd has been cast into Pri-  
 son for a Crime that deserved  
 Death; his Partner Shepher-  
 des has workt his Escape, and  
 been condemn'd in his stead, as the  
 Law in some part of *Betty-land* re-  
 quires. Their Tongues are the  
 most certain Evidence of perpe-  
 tual motion, if a thing may be  
 said to move that never lies still:  
 and the subjects of their Discourse,  
 the highest Secrets in nature. Such  
 are the Mysteries of combing and  
 shading Hair, of Washes for their  
 Faces, large Comments upon new  
 Gowns; Censures upon one ano-  
 thers Dressing and Behaviour:  
 Punctilio's of Ceremonies when  
 to

to give the Lip, when the Clock,  
 descants upon the warmth or cold-  
 ness of their Shepherds Affec-  
 tions : when they grow old, then  
 they'll spend their time in telling  
 how handsome they were when  
 they were young. How many *Amintases*  
 courted them, and how  
 many poor Shepherds broke their  
 Hearts for them : but if a Shep-  
 herd displease them, they will  
 sing him such Chromatique descant,  
 will make his Ears tingle : they  
 will ring him such peals that he  
 had better sit in a Steeple with  
 the noise of six Bells about his  
 Ears : but on the other side, they  
 are very good natur'd, for if you  
 do but now and then, that is once  
 in a month or so give them a fine  
 Gown, a rich Petticoat, a rich  
 Looking-Glass, a rich set of Chairs,  
 or any such Bangle, you shall win  
 their very Hearts : give them but a  
 Neck-Lace of Pearl, and look how  
 many

many Pearls there be upon the string, they shall give you so many kisses for them; which is a great sign of a tender Disposition. They have an excellent Art of making of Horns, at which they are very industrious, so that many of them get very good Livings by it; And as for Astrology, there's none of your Bookens, or Lillies could ever come near them; for they'll tell a Shepherd his fortune to a hairs breadth; to which purpose they will lye an hour together sometimes upon their backs, considering the motions of the Stars. Many of your Betty-lane Shepherdesses are deeply Learn'd, for having nothing else to do as they sit upon the Plains, they are always reading *Cassandra*, *Ibrahim Bassa*, *Grand Cyrus*, *Amadis de Gaule*, *Hero and Leander*, the *School of Venus*, and the rest of these classick Authors; by which they are mightily

mightily improv'd both in Practice and Discourse. Put them to their shifts and they are the best in the world at an Intreague or stratagem. Ah! says the poor Soldier in *Perruinus* that had neglected his Duty, to comfort a poor Shepherdess that had been bewailing the death of her dear *Melibeus* for three weeks together: Here while I have been spending my time to comfort thee the most distressed Shepherdess in the world, they have stole the Criminal from the Cross whom I was set to watch, and now must I be Crucified for him: But she reliev'd him presently. Rather than so, quoth she with tears in her Eyes, here take my poor beloved Shepherd and hang him up in the others place, death makes no distinction of Places. No less witty was the Shepherdess in *Boccaccio*, who loving a Shepherd, yet knowing not how to let him understand it, went to

one

one of the Priests of *Pan*, telling him it was his Duty to rebuke such Shepherds as should attempt the Chastity of any Shepherdesses in *Arcadia*, Look here, quoth she, such a Shepherd sent me this Purse of Gold, but I defie him and his Gold ; call him Father and school him severely. The poor Priest did so, the cunning Shepherd smelling the Rat smiled to himself, but outwardly promis'd to desist, when the Shepherdess next day comes again and tell the Priest, She wondered he would be so neglectful in his Duty : Why, quoth the Priest, I call'd him, chid him, and he promised never more to Molest your quiet. Alas, quoth she, but the last night, he got in o're the Garden, climbs a Fig Tree that grows under my Window, and had got into my Chamber had I not happily espy'd him and shut the Casement. The Shepherd was call'd again, rebuk't  
and

and chide, but you may easily guess at the end of his sorrow: but you must not think I have a Lords Estate to buy paper enough to set down all the Stratagems, Devices and Wiles of the Shepherdesses in *Betty-land*: And therefore you must apply your self to the Learning of that Country, and when you have read nothing else for 5 years together, then if demanded you may perhaps be able to give an Account thereof.

The young Shepherdesses of *Betty-land* are very studious in Net-work, *Vulcan's* Net was a piece of Botchery to their Art: They are made of Glances, Smiles, and the curling Hair of their own Locks so delicately twisted together, that all the Skill of *Arachne* cannot compare with them: Of these Net-makers the Farmer *Homer* makes mention in his Book of *Iliad*.  
*Betty-*



Betty-land Agriculture call'd the  
*Iliads.*

Ἡ καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσφιν ἔλυσά το κέσθιν  
 ἱμάτια

Ποικίλον ἐνθα οἱ θελκόμενα πάντα τε-  
 τυκτο.

Εὐθ' ἐνὶ μὲν φιλότῃς εὐδόμερθε. εὐδαν-  
 εῖθε.

Ἦαρ φασὶς ἢ ἔκλεψε νοῦν πικρὰ περ  
 φρονούντων.

Then from her Breast her Mantle  
 she untoss'd,

And from her Bosom Charming  
 Arts diffus'd:

Alluring Glances, Mirth delu-  
 ding Smiles,

And flattering Speech that Wis-  
 dom oft beguiles.

The first Net-makers in the  
 world were *Venus* among the Gods,  
 and *Pandora* upon Earth, who tho  
 they were no Nuns, yet their  
 work-

workmanship for Curiosity and Fineness was far beyond any thing that ever was made in any Nunnery through the whole Empire of Betty-land. That Box of hers had such a confounded company of Trinkets in it, that the world had better have wanted fire, and never tasted Rostmear, then to be so punisht as it has been, for *Promethæus* stealing only a few lighted Charcoal out of *Jore's* Kitchen (shame for his weak stomach that could not eat raw *Virtuals*.) For the poor Farmers in Betty-land have rued the price of hot Caudles ever since. But there are a sort of elderly Shepherdesses in this Country, which in the Spanish part of Bettyland are called *Maquerela's*, that with a force irresistible carry all before them. Their proceedings are Militant, for they Besiege, Assault, Batter, Mine, and Countermine, and as if

if Victory were Entail'd upon them,  
they never fail of Success: Inso-  
much that their continual Con-  
quests gave occasion to the Hus-  
bandmen of Greek Bettyland to  
Affirm that Cypris had rob'd all the  
Gods of their Arms.

Εὐλησαντες Ὀλύμπου ἰοῦς, ὀπχωσιν  
Ἐροτες,

Κοσμεῖται θανάτων σκυλα φρουσάμε-  
νοι, φάσιν τοῖς ἀφ' ἑρμού, οἷος δὲ Κεράννοι  
Ἄρηος.

Ὀπκλον καὶ Κονην Ἰτρακλεὺς φοπαλον.  
Εἰναλεν τε θεῶν τε βελες δορυ θυρα  
Ἰν Βαχχε, &c.

Behold poor Gods how they un-  
armed stand!

Spoil'd of their Arms by Love of  
Betty-land.

Phæbus his Quiver, Jove his  
Thunder misses,

His Corslet Mars and Helmet  
pawns for Kisses;

Jove's

Jove's Son lays down his Club for  
Nanny-Cock,  
And Neptunes Trident yields to  
Holland Smack;

Bacchus will give his Thyrsis for  
a Slut,  
And Hermes Heels a Wench his  
wings shall Cut;

The Chast Diana will not go a  
Hunting

At the hour appointed when to meet  
her Bunting:

If thus the Gods to Cupid yield  
their Arms,

How can weak Mortals think to  
scape his Charms?

The most Renowned of these  
Elderly Shepherdesses was Telapē  
Hecate, who after the Mode of  
later times (for Fashions like the  
Spheres have their Circular Mo-  
tions) had always a kennel of lap-  
Dogs at her Tail—

— — — — — Ἀμφὶ δὲ πύγε  
ὄρεται ὑλακὴν χθόνια κύνες ἐφθεγγόμενοι.

— — — — — And at her Table fed,

A Cry of yelping Shocks eat poor  
folks bread.

Such is the Efficacy of their Charms,  
so much Courage in one of their  
Poulters, so much warmth in one  
of their Jellies; such the force of  
their Perswasion, that had Ulys-  
ses met with one of these Betty-  
land Shepherdesses of the right  
stamp, his poor Shepherdess Pen-  
elope might have spun more sheets  
in Expectation of him, than ever  
she was like to make use of. Thus  
therefore that subtle Man Ovid  
describes them,

*Nec mora miseri rosti jubet hordea  
Grani,*

*Mellaque vinique meri cum lacte  
coagulo passu;*

*Quique*

*Quique sub hac lateant, furtim dul-  
codine succos*

*Adjicit, accipimus sacra data Po-  
cula dextra.*

*Without delay so many Grains of  
Pearl,*

*With Rubies mixt she strait pre-  
sents the Girl ;*

*She shows sweet Honey and the  
strongest Wine,*

*Words may prevail, but if she  
drinks she's thine.*

*Lady's must drink no Wine, no  
Wine cry they ;*

*Yet Lady's sure may drink a  
draught of Whey.*

*Has Whey such force ? no, some-  
thing she steals in,*

*For soon as drank it tickles all  
the Skin.*

*They appear in all Colours like  
Cameleons, in all shapes like the  
Proteus's ; not that you are to  
think*

think that these are of that sort of Shepherdesses, which the Husbandman *Homer* calls *Syrens*, but of a far more quaint and curious Ingenuity : for those *Syrens* seem to be a poor kind of Shepherdesses, like those that were wont to haunt the Plains of *Latimers-Lane* and *Cole-Yard*, by their ordinary language and impudent beckning to *Ulysses* as he passed by their doors, who can otherwise expound the place ?

Δεῦρ' ἀγίων πολύσαιν, &c.

Here, Chuck *Ulysses*, here come in and see ;

What Pots of jet, what nut-brown Ale have we :

For never Mariner return'd on shore,

But he came here to look him out a Whore.

D

Come

Come in then Joy, and spend thy  
 Pot with us,  
 We'l sometimes sing a Song, and  
 sometimes buss.

As these words were translated,  
 in comes *Eumolpus*, views them,  
 and swears there could be no o-  
 ther Interpretation of the words.  
 To make it out, I will give you a  
 description of these Syrens and their  
 Habitations, which exceed the  
 number of all others in *Betty-land*,  
 by the progress and experience of  
 my own Travels: when I was very  
 young, quoth *Eumolpus*, I fell into  
 the acquaintance of *Envolpius*, and  
*Trimaley*, Husbandmen of large  
 Experience, and who had been  
 great Travellers in the Country of  
*Betty-land*, growing familiar as one  
 that had received—*Istum telis Ve-*  
*neris.*

It was not long e're I discovered  
 to them the great desire I had to  
 know



know the Country of *Betty-land*, of which I had heard and read so much. They asked me what substance my friends had left me to bear Expences, for the Journey would be tedious and chargeable. I bid them take no care for that, for I had Lands to sell, and as long as that lasted there would be no want; telling them withal, that Knowledge is better than fine Gold. Then, replied *Encolpius*, the place where we now are, is one of the most remarkable Cities in all *Betty-land*, and therefore dear *Eumolpus*, rest thy self assured of the best Assistance I can befriend thee with: so in the depth of the Winter-quarter within an hour after day-light shut in we set forward. To remember the several by-ways and turnings through which we went, it is as impossible as for a man to remember things done before he was born, at length

we came to a good large Habitation, which seemed like an enchanted Castle: for tho we understood that there were many of the Inhabitants of Betty-land in the house, yet there was as a deep silence as in a Temple. We were no sooner entred (for the doors of these houses are seldom shut, as being haunted with a continual sort of Strangers) but there appeared to us a young Syren, which put us in mind of that Verse in *Ovid*, *Monstra maris Syrenes erant*, The Syrens were strange Monsters bred out of the froth of the Sea, or rather Monsters of the Sea,

*Seeing that there are none of all*

*That walk on Land which they can*

*Father call.*

She was as black as a Lobster before 'tis boil'd, and instead of hands had much such kind of Claws, and her head lookt like a Gorgon's Perriwig with Snakes, she lookt as

if

if she had been eaten and spew'd up again, or as if she had been one of those upon whom the *Venifices* of *Betty-land* were wont to try their Potions ; and yet she had the confidence to invite us to drink of her Cups. *Eumolpus* did not much mind her Courtesie, but askt *Eucolpius* whether that were not the *Cumæan* Witch that accompanied *Æneas* through Hell: How, reply'd *Eucolpius*, does she look old enough to be a Sybil ? yet there are some of the poor labouring Mechanick Inhabitants of *Betty-land*, will be glad of a worse than that Syren. With that calling her by her name, *Quartilla*, said he, where is *Thelxinoë* ? for so was the old Syren called. She knew his Voice, and streit appears the Great — — *Bellua Lævis* — — *Horrendum stridens*.

A ruinous piece of Antiquity with a Voice as hoarse as if her throat

had been lin'd with Seal Skins :  
 she had as much flesh below her  
 Chin, as would have serv'd to have  
 made another Face : she was pufft  
 up like a shoulder of Veal blown  
 up with a Tobacco-Pipe, yet was  
 her Language as soft as Lambs-  
 Wool to *Encolpius*, who enquir'd  
 of her, where such and such Sy-  
 rens were, and how they did :  
 shall I send for such a one, quoth  
 she? do, cries *Encolpius*, Fly, then  
 cry'd *Thelxinoe*, to the deform'd  
 Syren that first admitted us, and  
 bid *Sylvagia* appear, hast her hi-  
 ther. All this while, said *Enmol-  
 pus*, we were in the common-Room,  
 which put him in mind of that  
 description of the Syrens habita-  
 tion in *Virgil*,

*Jamque adeo scopulos Syrenum ad-  
 vecta subibat,*

*Difficiles quondam multorumque  
 offibus albos.*

*Most*

Most dangerous Rocks which mortals never bank,  
Till all the walls grow white with  
scone and Chalk.

But when the little Syren, said  
he (continuing his relation) was  
gone forth, *Thelxinoe* carried us  
into her own Apartment, a place  
not very illustriously accoutred,  
nor yet over meanly set forth.  
There hung against the wall a good  
fair Looking-Glass, and in the  
window were to be seen two dir-  
ty Combs, the most peculiar Uten-  
sils belonging to a Syren. The  
Bed (which was the best thing  
in the Room, as being a piece  
of Furniture of which they make  
the greatest use in *Betty-land*) lay as  
if it had been but lately tumbled,  
which *Encolpion* perceiving, quoth  
he, smiling upon *Thelxinoe*, who was  
here last? There, quoth she, who dost  
think, but my *Ulysses* and I? your

*Ulysses* quoth he, who's that? for *Encolpius* knew that she had had no Husbandman to manure her ground for many years together, only day-Labourers that wrought at so much an hour. But she to stop *Encolpius's* mouth, in a great rage demanded of him what sort of Liquor he would have, and immediately fetcht in half a dozen Bottles of Stepony, a most bewitching Juice, which as soon as the Bottles were loose, flew up with so much violence against the Ceiling, as if they had bid defiance to the Clouds, such a shower of spirited water rain'd upward against the course of nature: so that a whole Bottle scarce yielded enough to wet the bottom of a Glass, yet would the Syren not bate a farthing of her price, which was a round shilling for every Bottle. After that she brought in six more Bottles, which behav'd themselves

selves after the same rude manner. *Eucolpius* who well knew the Effects of the Syrens Charms, call'd for the tamer Juice of Barley, over which, said *Eucolpius*, after we had continued till it was very late, enchanted with the pleasant Discourses of the Syrens, on a sudden we heard a great noise in the room over head as if the Sky had been falling. Two Shepherds of *Betty-land* belike had been there for several hours together, with each two Syrens in their Company, where they had drank so long of the Syrens bewitching Liquor, that they were ev'n almost turn'd into swine. Then, said *Eumolpius*, I began to call to mind those other Lines of *Virgil*.

*Hinc exaudiri Gemitus inaque lacu*

*Vinola reensantum, at seras sub nocte*  
*rudentium,*

D 5

Setege.

*Setegerique sues atque in presepi-  
bus urse*

*Se vice—*

*Then shrieks of Bum-kickt Jades  
were loudly heard,*

*And late at night the damning  
Hectors roar,*

*To see the Constables with Chains  
prepar'd,*

*Now worse than Swine that were  
but Beasts before.*

For like to this, cry'd *Encolpius*,  
was the noise which we heard a-  
bove stairs: the Syrens squeak'd  
and cry'd out murder, and help,  
and help, and murder. The Shep-  
herds ranted and tore, seeing that  
they had lost their Mony, and that  
the Syrens had bewitched it out  
of their Pockets. In this hurly  
burly up runs *Thelxiope* with all her  
Spells, when we, said *Encolpius*,  
seeing so fair an opportunity, and  
considering the charge of our stay,  
took



took an occasion to march out of doors, and quit our selves of our extravagant Expence: but *Eumolpus* whose blood was up, not being willing to give over the Chase of what he came out with so much eagerness to hunt for, desired *Encolpius* to bear him Company, in the search of some other Adventure. It was now late, cold and a hard Frost; but these hardships were easily overcome by the brightness of *Cynthia's* Beams, that made the night almost as clear as day. Being thus therefore got safe from *The Idiot's* Habitation, *Encolpius* thought it convenient to steer his Course a quite contrary way; nor had we gone far, when in the midst of the street cry'd *Encolpius*, look yonder, where that *Scholar* whom we sent for so long since comes now to meet us; have at her. By guess, quoth *Basilus*, and so accosting her, Whither so fast, quoth he,

he, fair Nymph? there needed not  
 many Complements, *Enmolpus*  
 takes her by one Hand, and *En-*  
*colpus* by the other, and so said  
*Enmolpus*, we march'd hand in hand  
 in a full rank for a while uninterr-  
 rupted. But Oh the fickle state  
 of fortune! being come to the cor-  
 ner of one street, who should pop  
 upon us undiscover'd from the cor-  
 ner of the next turning, but one  
 of the Princes of that night with  
 all his Bilboe's? It was time to  
 let go the hold of prohibited goods,  
 so near a strict Examination. *Sil-*  
*uadgia* that like a Mouse knew e-  
 very hole and cranny thereabouts,  
 so suddenly got out of sight, that  
 she seem'd rather to vanish than  
 fly, but said *Enmolpus*, *Encolpus*  
 and I were forc'd to stand the brunt.  
 The Nocturnal Prince had he been  
*Pluto* himself, could not have pre-  
 tended more Majesty

~~Plurima mento~~

Canities

*Cavities inculta jacent, stant lumi-  
na flamma,*

*Sordidus ex humeris nodo depen-  
det Amiclus.*

*Like Bristles of a Hog his gristed  
Beard,*

*Circ-ran his face with soapy Ale  
besmear'd :*

*Full grim he looks and for a far-  
ther note,*

*About his shoulders an old rusty  
Coat.*

We finding our selves in the clutch-  
es of such a *Cerberus*, who was still  
threatning to shew us the full Ex-  
tent of his Power, and to send us to  
the house of *Radamanthus*, of  
which houses there are many in  
*Betty-land*, or else there would be  
no living.

*Onofus hic Radamanthus habet  
durissima regna,*

*Castigatque, auditque, dolet, subigit-  
que fateri,*

*Qua*

*Quæ quis apud superos furtiva leta-  
tus inani,*

*Distulit in seram commissâ pericula  
mortem.*

*Here City Marshal shows his cruel  
Power*

*On piteous Vagabonds and want-  
ing Whore,*

*For bellies-Crime, and what the  
pocket lacks,*

*His bloody whip-cord clams their  
Crimson backs :*

*He scourges first, examines next,  
for Law*

*They none deserve whom Law could  
ever award*

*And bearing various Crimes, at  
last confess,*

*Becomes himself the subtiler Knave  
at last*

*Upon these Considerations it  
was thought fit to use gentle means*

*and Sugar-Sops, for Ennops had  
learnt that there was nothing so*

*fre-*

frequently us'd as sweet Wine in the Sacrifices accustomed to the Furies, according to that of *Callimachus*.

Νηφάλοι τῆσιν αἰεὶ μελιμδίας ὄντας  
 Ἀπτεῖραι καίεν ἑλαχον ποταλίδαις  
*All hours they loyter safe; and  
 never fail,*

*Who Watchmen twelve pence give  
 to buy sweet Ale.*

By the practice of which Instruction, said *Eumolpus*, we that were just going to the Pound; were at the intercession of those dulcified Sons of Horror (one of whom swore to the deep pit of Darkness that he knew *Eucolpus*, and knew him to be a very Civil Gentleman, when tho' he had never seen him in his life) with an Extortion of much Acknowledgment for so great a favor, let at liberty. This Storm was no sooner over,

over, but the hazard was forgot,  
 and a new Ramble concluded on;  
 at length under the Conduct of  
*Encolpius* we came both into a by-  
 Street, but there was such a ge-  
 neral Silence in the Habitations of  
 the Syrens, as if all the lower world  
 had been listning after news in the  
 upper. O quoth *Encolpius*! the  
 Inhabitants of these parts are as  
 laborious Husbandmen as any be  
 in *Betty-land*: They work day  
 and night, and therefore no won-  
 der they sleep so fast now they  
 are at it. At length coming to a  
 certain Habitation, where the fla-  
 ple of the door was not driven  
 close to the wall, *Encolpius* made  
 a shift to get in his hand and put  
 back the Lock, we were no soon-  
 er entred and began to extol the  
 kindness of Fortune, but the ver-  
 ry same way-Wood of the night  
 that had prosecuted us before, fol-  
 low'd us close at the heels, and  
 seeing

seeing us lawful prize, began to give order for a second seizure : But *Eucolpius* knowing the danger of a second Attachment, bidding *Eumolpus* follow his example with his Sword in his hand, being well seconded by *Eumolpus*, soon forced a way through the slender Opposition of those decrepit Mirmidons, and being got without the reach of their rusty Weapons they never slackned their paces, which was a good swift Career, till they were got out of the Dominions of that nocturnal Bugbear. By and by making a halt to take both breath and advise together, now, said *Eucolpius*, let us return to the same place from whence we last came : for this Lord of Mis-rule having now gone his Rounds, and made his visits of Enquiry, will be sure to come no more there. For a right bred Syren has a way of Charming these Officers of Justice and

and keeping them from wandering at all hours, and to say truth, there are few of these nocturnal *Cerberus's* that will bark at a *Syrens Habitation*, unless he be very hungry indeed, and have not been fed for a great while. With this Resolution, said *Eumolpus*, we tackt about, and skirting through a little spot of *Betty-land* called *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, we observed almost at every Gate of those wealthy *Husbandmens Habitations*, a poor labouring man, and a servant Shepherdess talking together. They were generally very serious and private in their Discourse, tho it were now near two of the Clock in the morning, but by what we over-heard, *Betty-land-Love* was the main thing they drove at, for sometimes we could hear the Shepherdess cry Sunday in the afternoon; by and by the poor labourer protested the reality of his Affection,



fection : another was telling a long story of the Transactions in that habitation; another was complaining that her Farm had been Tilled and Manured ; that Harvest was at hand, and therefore desired the poor labourer to take some care where to inn the Crop. And another was delivering to her friends Candles, cold Meat, and other bundles of stuff, which she had purloyned and made up, in as little room as might be ; bidding her friend be sure to return by such a night again : certainly, said *Enmolpus* to *Encolpius*, these husbandmen live here in very great security, that they let their Gates stand open in such a desert place as this : O reply'd *Encolpius* ! these Husbandmen tho they be rich, yet they have so many thieves within doors, that they never fear those without : for they within doors will preserve their Masters substance

stance from those without, that it  
 may fall into their own hands.  
 Having observ'd these passages we  
 jog'd on, meeting none upon the  
 Road, but now and then one, now  
 and then a couple of rude labour-  
 ing fellows with stout Cudgels in  
 their hands, looking as if they  
 would eat us. These were the  
 very dregs of all *Betty-land* that  
 take the greatest pains, and run  
 through the greatest hazards in  
 the world to maintain themselves  
 in Idleness. Coming to the Sy-  
 rens Habitation we unlockt the  
 Gate as we had done before, and  
 then barring it again, went direct-  
 ly into a Room where there was  
 a small fire, but no other light,  
 nor any sound of any thing living  
 in all the Habitation: down sat  
*Eucolpus*, down sat *Eumolpus*,  
 right against the door of the room,  
 expecting what would happen,  
 when on a sudden we heard 3 or 4  
 Syrens

Syrens laughing and toying together to make toward the back-door of the Habitation. The foremost popping into the Room, and seeing the glittering of *Eumolpus's* Coat (which was richly lac't) by the reflection of the fire, flew back again ready to break her Neck, crying out, the Devil, the Devil, but *Eumolpus* compassionately following her, and gently bespeaking her soon rid her of fears, leading her by the hand into the room, whom the rest of the Syrens followed. We call'd for more fire and Lamps that we might see one another, and after that for such Liquors as the Habitation would afford: As for the Syrens themselves, they were not the most Amiable that ever were seen, which made us mind our Liquor rather than any other of their Temptations. Their Voices were none of the sweetest, yet for a forc't put they

they might have serv'd, had we not been kept waking by another Accident. For in the height of our mirth in comes an ordinary *Betty-land* Farmer, who by his Familiarity seem'd to claim a kind of propriety in the whole Habitation: we saw he would be one of the Company, and therefore we invited him. He had taken a large doze of the Syrens Charms, which made his Tongue as nimble as a new oyl'd Jack.: Between *Encolpius* and him past many Discourses, among the rest, there was one Question stated by the Farmer, Whether if one Farmer should rob another, it were better to bind him, or kill him to prevent discovery? Heaven protect us! cry'd *Bumolpus* to himself, if this be the Country of *Betty-land*, surely, quoth he, the people thereof are meer Salvages, however the Argument went on. *Encolpius* who when he began to be

be intoxicated with the Syrens  
 Liquor was very devout, being  
 for Mercy, the Farmer all for Mur-  
 der, this made *Eumolpus* stand  
 upon his Guard and to have a vi-  
 gilant Eye upon the Syrens, and  
 to hasten the complete Charming  
 of the Farmer, which was at length  
 so effectually perform'd by *Eucol-  
 pius* and *Eumolpus* together, that  
 he fell into a profound sleep: in  
 which condition after he had lain  
 a while, he was at length rous'd  
 by the Syrens and hurried to his  
 Sty like a Swine: After his de-  
 parture the Syrens vanished, and  
*Eumolpus* and *Eucolpius* remain'd  
 alone, who early in the morning  
 leaving the Gates of the Habita-  
 tion open, and the Syrens fast a-  
 sleep, went their ways to seek  
 out more secure Refreshments.  
 Thus you see the meaner sort of  
 the Inhabitants of *Bettyland*, are  
 a very wicked sort of people,  
 being

being no great admirers of Law or Government: for all Pleasure is expensive, and they wanting the support of Extravagance, will oftentimes in their necessity take it by violence from one another, sometimes in the street, sometimes in the high-way; nay, sometimes they will enter one anothers Castles by main force, and rifle, and what they get they spend all upon their Syrens with whom they live in a kind of Community. I remember, said *Eucarpus*, a Husbandman in *Betty-land* that had his Castle entred, and much of his substance taken away; who thereupon resolving to go in pursuit of the Labourer that had spoiled him of his goods, sent for me to assist him: we for our better security took with us one of the great Rulers of the night, and with him a certain day-Labourer, who pretends to know  
all

all the habitations of the Syrens. The more to be wondred at, as being in one of the greatest Cities in all *Betty-land*, and thus accompanied we began our progress one night in the most dead time of all; I dare say, said *Encolpius*, we entered above a hundred several Habitations of a hundred several Syrens, taking a view of every room in every one of them, where it was not a little pleasant to see what feat kind of Enormities night conceals. We found the Husbandmen and the Syrens generally in bed and asleep together, for the hardness of their Labour made them sleep without Opiates: In some Beds 3 Syrens and one Husbandman, in another place 3 Husbandmen and one Syren; at another Habitation one Husbandman and 2 Syrens, in another 2 Husbandmen and one Syren, in another two Husbandmen and

E

two

two Syrens all together : in another 3 Syrens and two Husbandmen, in another 3 Husbandmen and two Syrens. *Eucolpius* that had never seen so strange a mixture of Familiarity before, began to doubt whether this were not some Art of *Solon's* Common-Wealth, for, said he, there was as much Athenian Liberty as ever that great Law-giver could possibly allow. The day-Labourer who was with us, whether he knew them all or no, I cannot tell, said *Eucolpius*, but he pretended to do so, and pulling aside the head-Geer of one, and the hair of another: quoth he, this is *Dol* such a one, and this is *Kate* such a one, and this is *Nan* such a one: as if he had been showing us the Tombs at *Westminster* with a white staff in his hand. And I believe had the night been a week long, we had had variety of these Otj &cs. *Eucolpius* when he came home



home told *Eumolpus* of his Adventure, who lamented nothing more than his misfortune of missing *Encolpius's* Company; that night however it made him restless for new discoveries, which they resolved to prosecute the night following. The Sun had now withdrawn himself and it was within an hour of night when *Eucolpius* and I, said *Eumolpus*, entring into one of the Gaming-Houses of the Syrens, went up into a private Apartment, calling to the chief Syren to bring us a Bowl of her most charming Liquor; she that brought it was no sooner set down by us, but she began to talk of these Persons who were the Chiefest Husbandmen in *Betty-land* in their time, at so familiar rate that we wondred how she came by so great an Acquaintance among the Nobler sort of Husbandmen, being such an ordinary Syren herself:

self: for she can divison upon their  
 Descents and Pedigrees, as if she had  
 been bred in the College of Heralds.  
 While we were thus taken up with  
 Enchantments of her Discourse, a  
 strange lumbring noise invaded  
 our Ears from the stairs, which led  
 into our Apartment: The Syren  
 when she heard it, flew out of the  
 Room with the swiftness of a  
 shooting-Star, clapping the door  
 fast after her. But we, said *Eumol-  
 pus*, big with Curiosity had a long-  
 ing desire to know the reason of  
 so much Clutter. By and by,  
 peeping through the door, we  
 perceived an old Farmer of *Ber-  
 ty-land* coming up upon four Legs  
 two Natural and two Artificial  
 (a pair of wooden Crutches)  
 with which he did so knock and  
 bepeste the Boards, that a Horse  
 with 4 Iron shoes would have  
 been thought to have walkt up-  
 on Velvet after him, so weak and  
 so

so decrepit, so old, so worn out with the Labor of that Country, that no greater pain could be imagined, than the pain which he seemed to endure in his Engine-like-motion : with much ado at length he got to the inside of a Table, and fate him down with his back against the Wainscot, opposite to the Chimny : Surely, said *Eumolpus*, were the seven Wise Men of Greece now alive, it would puzzle their Understanding to know the strange and hidden desire of this old Farmer. I warrant, quoth *Encolpius*, this old Farmer had been an industrious workman in his time, and now to see a fertile spot of ground, to behold a pleasing Prospect, is as delightful to him as the Tillage it self was formerly. Age unfit for Action will delight it self in the Memory of what in Youth it has perform'd, whether we were addicted to Acts

of Honesty or of Villany, Repetition sooths the Fancy, and dandles it with the remembrance of what a drooping performer has done: so settling to our peeping Crannies, we observed a young Syren come into the Room with two sable Pots of Enchanting Liquor in her hands, which she set down before him. The old Farmer drank not so lamely as he went, but freely; and made the Syren quaff her own Liquor as freely as himself: she had a Brow as black as a new Beaver, and her Cheeks were as ruddy as the Vermilion-Edges of a new Book. In a short while betaking her self to the Chimny, she stood bolt upright, and having the Signal given, (as they draw the Curtain up from before the Scenes of a Theatre) she drew the Curtain gently up that was before it, and showed the Prospect of a very fair Garden.

Garden-plot of Maiden-hair, not green as in other Countries, but growing like a kind of black Fern, or rather a spot of Ground looking like a sieve of black Cherries, covered over with the tops of russet Fennel. The Fields about were imbroidered over with white Daffies and yellow Pissabeds: but the old Farmer who neither cared for Innocency, and had been sufficiently plagued with Jealousie, and consequently could endure neither of those Colours, caused her to daub her hands with the Soot of the Chimny, to disfigure the whole prospect of those more pleasant Colours, not permitting her to leave any thing but what was black within the Florizon of his View. Then he pleased his aged Eyes with beholding the whole, commending what he thought fit to be commended, and reading a Lecture of *Betty-land* Husbandry, over e-

very part, till satiated with the Prospect and his Discourse, the Curtain again was let down, and the Syren sent away for more Enchanting Liquor to requite her kindness : certainly, said *Eumolpus*, the Fancy of this Farmer was the most Extravagant that was ever known. There is some Reason for it, said *Euclpius*, for *Betty-land* Love as it entred first into the Eye, so at last goes out of the Eye. The Eye is the Charriot wherein the Fancy Rides, surveying past contents, and if that be strong and juvenile, it will imploy the Body in something of its former concerns, how impotent, how unwieldily soever : for Reason, you must know, is not at all permitted to be so much as named in *Betty-land*, where it is Death to make use of it : And where the Husbandmen and Huswives are guided only by

Passion,

Passion, and follow only the per-  
 swasions of Appetite. <sup>sway</sup>  
 Again, as there is no Reason,  
 so there is no Wisdom in *Betty*.  
 And they seldom hear of it from  
 one end of the Country to the o-  
 ther; for if they chance to hear  
 the least sound of it, they count  
 it as fatal as the Romans did to  
 hear the Ravens croak upon the  
 left hand: like the young People  
 of *Betty-land*, that when the Bells  
 ring to the Temple, run to the  
 Syren Habitations at *Islington*; be-  
 lieving that the Bells are hung in  
 the City to ring them into the Coun-  
 try. Should this Farmer have been  
 so impotent again, he would not  
 have been a Rust the wiser, and  
 therefore 'tis no wonder his pre-  
 dominating Superiors direct and  
 govern him as they please them-  
 selves. *Eucolpus* having thus said,  
*Eucolpus* and he took their way  
 towards a small part of *Betty-land*,  
 189000

near the Temple of *St. Ruttolph* Aldgate, where upon the first call, he was let into a fair Habitation belonging to one of those Elderly Syrens called *Maquerelles*. The Apartments were fair and well adorned, through one of which, as we passed, said *Eumolpus*, we saw a Table spread and furnished as if it had been for the Supper of *Trimalcio* in *Patronius*: being come into our own Retirement, we askt the Syren, what *Ulysses* was to be Entertain'd there that night: she answered with a Smile, but told *Eumolpus* more familiarly, that we should have a sight of the pastime in due season, seeing there was none but himself and one whom she saw to be his peculiar Friend; tho with a most solemn Promise of Secrecy enjoyn'd. In the meantime, we call'd for a Syren or two, which were immediately call'd up, Charming enough; we had no sooner



sooner drank a Cup or two of  
 the Syrens Liquors, but one of  
 them began to fall into the re-  
 hearſal of her Misfortunes, that  
 ſhe was the Daughter of one of  
 the Priests of *Pan* (for the moſt  
 common Huſwives of *Betty-land*  
 ſign themſelves to be either the  
 Daughters, Siſters, or Huſwives of  
 the Priests of *Pan*, thereby to  
 gain the greater pity of their Suf-  
 ferings :) that ſhe had been dri-  
 ven out of doors by the Shepherd,  
 whom of all others in the Country  
 ſhe lov'd moſt intirely. The other  
 curſed a noble Huſbandman of *Bet-  
 ty-land*, for being untrue to her ;  
 or elſe—for a deep Sigh ſtifled the  
 reſt, but both of them concluded  
 in, What would you give them ?  
 That they were no common Sy-  
 rens, but ſeeing us Civil Shep-  
 herds, if we pleaſed to come to  
 their Habitations, we ſhould not find  
 them to be Mercenary. But offer  
 to

offer to lay your Lips to theirs, they were presently according to the Fashion of the Country, begging either for Scarfs, or Gloves, though at the same time they bragged of Wardrobes richer than those of *Lucullus*; We that believ'd not a word they said, easily condol'd with them, and promised Mountains; for there is nothing more practicable in *Bettyland* than lying and dissembling, Two gifts that a Husbandman of that Country can no more be without, than without his Plow. In fine, these two Syrens were forced to leave us, being called away by the Syren Government, for it appear'd that the Shepherd was enter'd, at whose Devotion the Habitation and all within it were, being at all the Expence for his peculiar Fancy; by and by, the Alarm of an uncouth noise, called us to our peeping-holes of Observation; from whence

whence we discovered in the great corner Room, where we saw the Table spread as we first came along, a very fair Collation of Costly Viands, the most part Fowl. About the Table sate some half a dozen Brisk Syrens, sitting almost as they were pictured (saving that they had other Instruments to use than Combs and Looking-Glasses) for their lower parts were hid by the Table, as they had been under water; but from the Waist upward, they were to be seen quite naked, as in vulgar Signs. All this while we missed the Shepherd, and wondered he should neglect the sight of such fair Prospects as these were, but by and by we discovered him by the noise he made under the Table upon all four, picking up the Bones which the Syrens threw down, yelping and snarling like an Izeland Cur, and biting at the Legs and Shins of that Syren which  
threw

threw him down his desired Food. This violent humor continued all along the time of Supper, said *Eumolpus*, to his Astonishment, which made him think the Mysteries of *Isis* to be a Bauble, and the carrying *Betty-land Ploughs* in publick Proceſſion upon ſticks by the Female *Bacchides*, to be a *May-Game*: and yet they appear'd to be altogether, but a kind of family *Betty-land-Love*, (and there are few Families without a *Cur*) for there was no more harm done, but after Supper every Syren ſeem'd to vanish as they pleas'd themſelves: Look ye, ſaid *Eumolpus*, now you have beheld ſomething more ſtrange than what you ſaw before. Certainly, ſaid *Eumolpus*, the Gods that only ſmil'd to ſee *Mars* and *Venus* ſo entangled as they did, would have laugh'd themſelves out of their Immortality, to have ſeen this Extravagant Divertifement.

Think

Think you, said *Eucolpius*, this  
 Shepherd can give any Reason  
 for this? Surely no other, reply'd  
*Enimelpus*, than that of the Poet:

*Quid non constricta spectatis fron-*  
*te Cutanes,*

*Damnatisque novae simplicitatis*  
*opus?*

*Ipse pater veri doctus Epicurus*  
*in Arte*

*hanc vitam dixit habere*  
*tales.*

What ail ye, forward Cinicks, thus  
 to stare,

Condemning what I act, because  
 'tis rare:

Wise Epicure thus taught, lose  
 no Delight,

For time has heels and nimbly  
 takes his Flight:

Dear Life whose shoes are made  
 of running Leather,

Shall

Shall I not use thee & wherefore  
came I hither?

From thence at a later hour,  
said *Eumolpus*, we passed to see  
the Publick Academies and Schools  
of the Country, where we found  
them altogether for Jussing, and  
Turnaments, and Running of the  
Ring: but in this particular, as  
captious one among another, as  
Church-Wardens-Wives, for it not  
being the Custom of the Country,  
for Shepherds to Just one with a-  
nother, but only Shepherds with  
Shepherdesses, and Shepherdesses  
with Shepherds: the Shepherds  
will never Just unless the Shep-  
herdesses will provide Rings, nor  
the Shepherdesses can ever be  
brought to run a-Tilt, unless the  
Shepherds provide Launces. How-  
ever if the Parties stand upon it,  
there seldom happens any great  
Quarrel about that *Punctilio*.

These

These *Academies* stand open all night long, and there are some so accustomed to these Exercises, that they will hit the Mark as well by night as by day. They had in these *Academies* other sorts of Games, at which they play'd long, as *In* and *In*, and *All Fours*, but one thing we never perceiv'd before, that when they went to play at *Ruff*, they put out all the Honors.

The Noble sort of *Syrens* are of a Disposition very various from these, for they being better stockt with Wealth, carry on higher Designs, which they will bring about what ever it cost them, or perish in the Enterprize : They are very subtle, and not only make use of all sorts of Deceits and Stratagems already discovered, but add daily of their own. They are very much addicted to Enchantments, and very skilful in making Amorous Medicaments. They that would under-

understand the Nature of these  
 Shepherdesses, may read the Sto-  
 ries of *Messaline*, whom there was  
 none that exceeded in all the  
 Country of *Betty-land*; of *Lamia*  
 and *Lucilla*, who both Enchant-  
 ed their own Shepherds to death,  
 for the desire of others whom  
 they lov'd better : *Semiramis* out  
 of a desire of Empire, and for  
 the Love of her own Son, caus'd  
 her Husbandman to be slain : How  
 dear the mistake of *Guehoir*  
 (when her Husband tickled her  
 in the Neck with his Riding-Rod)  
 cost the poor King for his acciden-  
 tal Discovery, is not unknown to  
 them that have been conversant  
 in the *Saxon* parts of *Betty-land*.  
 The Cruelty of *Jone of Naples*, the  
 cunning Stratagems of *Don Olym-  
 pia*, and the Intreagues of *Don  
 Christiana*, are still fresh in Memo-  
 ry. Nor had the *Druid Reynall*  
 found such copious matter to com-  
 pile



pile his Book of *Celestial Revenge*, had it not been for the Effects of *Betty-land Love*. The Nature of which is so strange, that it shall in the view of the same Horizon on this side the Hedge shower down nothing but Malice, Hatred, and dismal Contrivances: while on the other side the Hedge, at the same time you shall perceive nothing but the Sun-shine of Sweetness and Caresses.

The Country of *Betty-land* has had formerly good Benefactors, who did very much add to the Glory and Increase of its Fame. The first of those was *Solon*, the great *Athenian Law-giver*, and by the Oracle of *Apollo* accompted one of the Seven *Wise-men* of *Greece*, who was the first that made it his publick Care to provide Syrens for the Shepherds of that Country. The first that dedicated a Temple to *Venus*, the Universal

versal Goddess of *Betty-land* out  
 of the Games of prostituted *Sy-*  
*rens*, and so great an Esteem the  
 Grecian part of *Betty-land* had  
 for those *Syrens*, that when *Xerxes*  
 invaded *Greece*, the *Corinthi-*  
*an* being the most polite of all  
 the Country, were ordered to  
 make publick Supplication for  
 the safety of *Greece*; so honor'd  
 and so Rich grew the *Syrens* a-  
 mong the *Ephesians*, that they  
 built several Temples in that Ci-  
 ty. The *Corinthians* also gave  
 them that Respect, that when  
 they were to supplicate *Venus* in  
 any matter of Importance, the  
 peculiar charge of their Prayers  
 was committed to their *Syrens*.  
*Aristotle* also thought them wor-  
 thy of Divine Honors, when he  
 made the same Offering, and us'd  
 the same Ceremonies to the *Cy-*  
*ren Hernia*, as were usually ob-  
 serv'd to *Ceres* of *Eleasino*. *Venus*  
 being

being the first Syren, was therefore counted a Goddess, from whose Example it grew in Custom among the Cyprians, that the young Shepherdesses did always (before they stuck close to any Shepherd) prostitute themselves on the Sea-shore, thereby to pick up a Dowry acceptable to their peculiar Shepherds. And the Babylonians by the Report of *Herodotus* when they had consumed their Farms, were wont to compel their Daughters to turn Syrens for the future Maintenance of them and themselves. *Aspasia* was a great Benefactor to *Betty-land*, for she filled all Greece with Syrens, and for the Love of her, and for the Injury which the Megareans did her, in taking some of her young Syrens from her, *Pericles* began that fatal and lasting Peloponnesian War. *Heliogabalus* was a very great Benefactor, for he had all  
Con-

Conveniences belonging to *Berryland-Love* in his own House : He gave to all the Roman Matrons that would turn Syrens, not only Immunity, but Impunity. *Cesar* was so great a Benefactor, that he was called the Male for all Females : *Rhodope* also the great Friend and Companion of *Aesop*, that made the Fables, got so much Wealth by the occupation of a Syren, that the built a Pyramid accounted the third wonder of the World : And *Flora* left the Empire of *Rome* her Heir. Of later times *Pope Sixtus* was a very great Benefactor to *Berryland*, who built a most Noble Habitation for Syrens at *Rome* ; nor are his Successors less kind, by whom they are still indulged, only paying a *Julio* a week to the Church, and it is a good Substience to the Priests of *Pan* in that Country, to have an Allotment out of the *Bordelli*, to make up the

the defects of other Endowments. As for Example, A Curate-ship worth twenty Crowns. A Priory worth 40 Ducats, and 3 Syrens in the *Bordelli* at 20 *Julio's* a week. Nor are the Venetians less munificent Benefactors, from whom they have all Immunity desirable, nor are the Syrens less grateful in returning considerable Incomes to the Commonwealth, for they being the Bulworks of *Christendom* are allowed all ways imaginable to support their urgent and unavoidable Necessities. *Plato* was also a great Benefactor to *Betty-land*, for his Laws were for a Community of Shepherdesses, among whose followers we may reckon the *Nicobaitan Hereticks*, who to avoid the Strokes of that Fury, Jealousie, thought it more Convenient that the Huswives of their Country should be prostituted. Thus we see how *Betty-land-Love* has bewitched

witched and charm'd the wisest  
 Husbandman in all Ages. There is  
 a strange Venom in it, and it fol-  
 lows Success and Plenty with a  
 strange Rage, of both which, He  
 that is the absolute Master shall  
 have much ado to keep out of  
 the Tanpits of *Betty-land-Love*,  
 a very great Mischief, no questi-  
 on, in regard that the Chiefest  
*Venuses* will not permit their dearest  
*Aeneas's* to fall into, if by all the  
 Guards of *Neptune* & his blew Ey'd  
 Host they can protect them both.  
 The Vermin which most annoy the  
 Agriculture most us'd in *Betty-land*,  
 are your *Sr. Rogers*, or Hypocritical  
 Devotists, and those other pestilent  
 Animals called *Nurses*, *Mother*  
*Midnights*, and *Empericks*, with  
 Skins as smooth as Beaver, but  
 black, as that *Markham* of *Betty-*  
*land* (call'd *Cornelius Agrippa*)  
 notably observes, there are few  
 Traps or Gins that can ensnare  
 them,

them, your *Sr. Rogers* are so like  
*Civet-Cats*, that the Husbandmen  
 of *Betty-land* cannot distinguish  
 one from another, so that the  
 Husbandmen let them come upon  
 their Land, thinking to retrieve  
 the benefit of their Odoriferous  
 and Precious Excrements, but  
 these *Sr. Rogers* being the more  
 subtle Animals, and great lovers  
 of sweet Herbs, do more often  
 come upon their Land and defile  
 it: To say truth, where these *Sr.*  
*Rogers* have a design of Mischief,  
 there are no Pales, no Fences,  
 no Hedges, no Ditches that  
 can keep them out, no Locks,  
 no Bolts are strong enough to *bar-*  
*ricade* a door against them. Nay the  
 very Casements of the Shepherdesses  
 hearts will fly open, if they do but  
 give the least wink, they Charm  
 the very Souls of the *Betty-land*  
 Shepherdesses, pretending to have  
*Radamanthus's* Whip in their poc-  
 F kets,

kets, for the disobedient, and  
 such a mess of Celestial Suckets in  
 a Lawn Handkerchief for them  
 that consent; so that the poor  
 Creatures are forc't to yield them-  
 selves up wholly to their disposal,  
 besides the Reverence of their Ex-  
 amples, a violent Argument to  
 batter the weak Fort of Female  
 Reason, for most Females believe  
 that the Priests of *Pan* are so Ho-  
 ly, that they cannot err: And  
 therefore in the Papistical Parts  
 of *Betty-land*, how many wind-  
 falls has the Hurricane of Confes-  
 sion blown down? you may some-  
 times see the whole Country almost  
 strew'd over with them, such is  
 the heat of a well grounded Opi-  
 nion, that it melts a *Betty-land* Fe-  
 male like Wax, and then comes  
 the Sr. Roger, and claps his Im-  
 pression upon her, what Shepherd  
 can deny his Shepherdess when he  
 asks her, and she replies, she is  
 going



going to a Lecture? What Shepherd can deny 40 or 50 *l.* at a time, when she cries 'tis to pay her *Sr. Roger*? This brings your *Sr. Rogers* to their white Caps and their Neck-Handkerchiefs, but who can avoid it? for there is no prevailing against the force of *Betty-land-Love*, your *Mother-Midnights* are like those little Vermin called *Millepedes*, or *Hag-lice*, for they will crawl from one place to another, so unweariedly and so swiftly upon all Occasions, that you would swear they had a thousand Legs apiece. They have such an Awe on the Spirits of the poor Shepherdesses in *Betty-land*, that whatever they say, the others believe with more Reverence than the Legend of the *Sybils*. There is such a familiar and inward Commerce of Secrecy between these *Mother-Midnights* and *Betty-land* Shepherdesses, that the

latter are easily drawn to give their Appetite a Diversion where they can trust with so much Confidence, not to yield were to mistrust, and to mistrust were to break off the Communion of Secrecy. And they Conjecture not amiss, that believe that many a *Mother-Midnight* is the more cheerfully obey'd by the Shepherdesses of *Betty-land*, for the supply of secret Communication, there being as much pleasure to sit privately over a Makeroon and a Taster of Sack, repeating past delights with the Accidents and Appurtenances, as in the Enjoyment it self; for what can be nearer to Enjoyment, than to tell the very Actions, Passions, and Expressions of the Shepherd in the very Extracy of Fruition so frequently dore, that unless it be done, there is not that Love and Kindness thought to be between each other?

other? These *Arcanums* and My-  
 steries of Discourse, being the  
 Seals and Testimonies of their  
 Friendship.

Your *Empericks*, tho they have  
 smooth Skins like Beavers, yet  
 they have cursed sharp Claws,  
 if they cannot get over, they will  
 dig under the Pales: and when  
 once they are got in, they will  
 Earth themselves like Foxes, so  
 that there is no getting them out  
 again. The Shepherdesses of *Bet-  
 ty-land* are many times forced to  
 trust them with very great secrets,  
 which when they come to the  
 knowledge of, they take the bold-  
 ness to do what they list: These are  
 the Caterpillers that destroy the  
 Verdure and Beauty of *Betty-land*,  
 these are the Moss and Canker  
 that hinder the Orchards of *Bet-  
 ty-land* from bearing. And be-  
 ing admitted into the society of  
 Secresie, destroy the Fertility of  
 F 3 *Betty-land*,

Betty-land, by teaching the Shepherdesses how to shun the pains of Harvest, and yet enjoy all the full content of the Pleasure of Tillage, the Truth whereof is confirm'd by that wise Husbandman *Lucretius*,

*Idque sui causa consuerunt sehorta  
moveri,*

*Ne complerentur crebro gravidae-  
que jacerent,*

*Et simul ipsa vires Venus & con-  
cinnior esset.*

How did that Noble Shepherdess *Livia* handle her poor Shepherd *Drusus*, by that villanous cunning of the Emperick *Emperor*? How did *Messalina* lie in Common, and bring poor *Claudius's* Farm to Ruin, by the private help of *Vestinus Valentinus*, a most subtle Caterpillar of an Emperick? But as for Nurses and Chamber-Maids,

Maid, they like busie Emmets or  
 Pillmires, make their Nests in all  
 parts of the Country. They are  
 like the Pigeons bred up in the  
 Eastern parts of the World, to  
 convey Intelligence to Towns be-  
 sieg'd and forreign Countries, for  
 do but give them an Amorous Pul-  
 let in Charge, and they shall con-  
 vey it through all the Ambush-  
 ments, Snares, Traps, Gins, and  
 Contrivances laid to catch them,  
 as if they were invisible :  
 whose true Use, Nature and Pro-  
 perty, you may better see in *Don*  
*Pedro de Lopez*, an Inhabitant in  
 that part of *Betty land* called *Por-  
 tugal*, having with a curious Eye  
 observed such Persons as he judged  
 fitting to enjoy his Person, at  
 length plac'd his Affection upon a  
 Shepherdess in that Country na-  
 med *Cleandra*, who was easily  
 perswaded by his Wealth to yield  
 her self wholly to his disposal :

Among the rest of this Shepherds Acquaintance, was one *Lysarchus*, whom *Cleandra* no sooner saw, but she judg'd him worthy to bear a part in that Kindness which she shewed her own Shepherd. *Lysarchus* percieving how things stood, resolv'd with all Secrecy to manage his Affairs. *De Lopez* with jealous Eyes beheld the more than usual Familiarity between *Lysarchus* and *Cleandra*, and resolves to find out the truth: whereupon he feign'd a Journey to some other part of the Country, pretending Occasions that would stay him for some time, but returning privately the same night, found *Lysarchus* and *Cleandra* together, in the most forbidden place by Friendship in the whole World; such was the injur'd Shepherds Amazement then, that he would have slain them both presently, but upon the retreat of his Passion, binding to  
give

give them both some time of preparation, wished for his Boy to fetch him one of the Priests of *Pan*, intending after he had fitted them to Sacrifice them both to that Deity, being the only horned God which the Poets mention.

But to the Application of the Story, this Shepherd had an old Nurse, who had been a notable Syren in her time : who hearing the Passion of *De Lopez*, and the Charge which he gave the Boy : Gets up, follows the Boy over the Plains, bids him go privately home to sleep, for she would fetch the Priest of *Pan* her self, which the Boy tyred with keeping his Masters Sheep, readily obey'd ; so coming to a Priest, she borrows the Habits of his Profession, returning she put them on, and coming back to the Shepherds Cottage, she found the Shepherd with the Instruments of Death in his

F 5

hand,

hand, walking in a furious manner in the next Apartment where *Lysarchus* and *Cleandra* lay asleep. The Shepherd perceiving her enter, mistaking her in Disguise for the Priest, bid her go in, awake them both, and prepare them for Sacrifice. The Nurse answered him, That she would not dispute the Justice of his Revenge, only entreated him not to disturb them till her Return, so entering into the Chamber, she found the two Inhabitants of *Betty-land* Embracing one another after the Fashion of the Country: she awaked them, and acquainted them of the Shepherd's Return, what he had seen, his Fury and Intention: which so surpriz'd them, that it almost deprived them of their Sences. But, quoth the Nurse, hear the way that I propose both to deceive and satisfy the Shepherd. Here, quoth she, to *Lysarchus*, take this Habit, and



and put it on, and then you may adventure out, for the shepherd will mistake you for the Priest, which I Counterfeit. Up gets *Isaachus*, while the Nurse laid her self in the same place; as he went forth the Shepherd met him, and only asked him if he had done what he was sent for? who reply'd, he had perform'd his Pleasure: the Shepherd then entring into *Cleandra's* Apartment, False Shepherdess, quoth he, behold him here whom you have wronged, I hope you are sufficiently prepar'd for Sacrifice. To which, she faintly answer'd, Alas! dear shepherd, first let me know my Crime, before I receive my Punishment. Can you be Innocent, quoth he, and yet admit Strange Cattle into my Enclosure? Oh dire mistake, quoth she! and then uncovering the Nurses Face, see here the strange Heifer that Grazes in your Meadow

dow, in your Absence I only took my Nurse a-field with me to bear me Company. At these words the Shepherd stood amaz'd with Joy and Grief; with Grief, to have unjustly suspected her; with Joy, to find himself mistaken: which immediately caus'd him to Embrace her, & to promise her for the future, never to harbor an ill Thought of her. So subtle are these *Betty-land* Nurses in promoting and concealing *Bettyland-Love*, and deceiving the poor Shepherds; for as they are generally very great Thieves themselves, so they never value the robbing their Masters Fruit, the breaking of his Hedges, and what strange Cattle feed upon his Tillage: The people of *Betty-land*, especially the better sort, spend much of their time in the Fields and Gardens, which by some of the meaner Shepherds, are kept beautif'd and

and trim'd, for the publick Receipt and Entertainment of all comers. There also you may have Collations of all sorts, and several Varieties of delightful Liquors, but so excessively dear, as if *Betty-land-Love* and Expence were both born Twins. And it is most certainly averred, that the Son of *Neptune* and Father of *Orion*, Entertained three of the greatest Gods then in being, at less Charge than a Shepherd can entertain 3 Shepherdesses in one of these Gardens. For such is the potent Virtue of Rhenish-Wine and Sugar for Com-motion, that tho' the Shepherdesses rose but 2 hours before from a plentiful Meal, yet you shall see them fall upon the Junkets of these places with so much fresh Fury, and devout, with so much Greediness, as if they had never eaten before, or that they were not to feed again in half a year after : To ask the price of  
any

anything herein this place, or to question the Bill when it is brought up, is a Crime as inexpressible as the Gods to swear by Six, and to be perjur'd; for *Berry-land* is at a perfect Antipathy with all manner of Frugality; and the Shepherdesses (like the Husbandmen of *Aegypt* that guess at the Fertility of the Year by the overflowing of Nile) make their chief Conjectures what manner of Lives they shall lead, when marry'd to their Shepherds, by the overflowing Prodigality of the Shepherds Pockets in these places, so that unless a Shepherd comes very well provided into one of these Gardens, he shall find himself so intregu'd in a Reckoning, that instead of an *Hesperian Garden*, or the *Thestalonian Temple*, he finds himself in one of the Labyrinths of *Mind*, out of which he shall not be able to find the way, till he has pawn'd

to the owner his Faith and Honor to make amends to morrow. This, if it be discovered among the Shepherdesses, into what a Foyer it puts the poor Shepherd, what Shifts, what Excuses, he is forced to pump for and borrow from his wrackt Invention. But the Shepherdesses laugh and whisper, and are glad of the Occasion, for they are sure now he must make them 3 or 4 Treatments more to secure his Credit: *Emolpus* coming one day into one of these Gardens, observ'd a melancholly Shepherd walking by himself, with so slow a pace, as if it had been his business to measure the ground, or that he had been studying for Sonnets: his Physiognomy shew'd much of Self-Conceit, and much of Discontent, as a place where all others display'd a general Jollity of Humor in their Faces, his Singularity made *Emolpus*

*molpus* resolv'd to attaque him, who made several turns Check by Jole with him, expecting the time when he would unlock the Cabinet of his Lips: but finding him very frugal of his words, Sir, quoth he, I have seldom come into a pleasanter Garden, nor in pleasanter Weather; at which words the sad Shepherd taking his Right Elbow in his left Palm, and picking his Nose with his Thumb, Yes, quoth he, the place is pleasant enough to such young Gallants as you, that have Mony enough. Is Mony then the Cause, said *Fumolpus*, that the Leaves look so green? that the Birds are so merry? or that the Sun shines so bright? No, quoth he, but 'tis the Mony in the Shepherd's Pockets that make the Shepherdesses look so wantonly, *Pluto* and *Cerberus* take them all for me, and the *Eumenides* claw their Buttocks, as some of them have

have claw'd my Pockets. I have been as great a haunter of these Gardens, as the best of them all, and when all was a going, I cry'd, *Sera est in fundo Parsimonia*, and that cursed Proverb hath left me never a Groat in my Purse. But I am come here to Imprint the Disdain of my Folly the deeper into my Breast by the sight of those places where my Folly bewitcht me: Nothing vexes me, but that I have spent my Fortune upon Petticoats, and in adoring such a sort of Goddesses, that are the most peccant in the World, especially as to that abominable Sin of Ingratitude. Ask them but only to let you have a Child, as the Gods gave *Hierens* for his loving Entertainment, and they plead so many Inconveniencies, as if there were no Mandrakes or Savine in the Country, for they generally reserve those Favors, for those that  
are

are less bountiful, in that only kind  
 that they believe it too severe that  
 a poor Shepherd should empty two  
 Purfes at one time. *Entolpus* to  
 gain a further discovery from his  
 inward Dissatisfaction, invited the  
 sad Shepherd to drink a Bottle of  
 Wine in an adjoining Arbor,  
 where the distance of the Beaves  
 afforded Casements sufficient to  
 take a view of all that pass'd by.  
 First came along a brisk young  
 Shepherd, so gay and so be-ri-  
 bond, that he seem'd to have a  
 Nose-Gay (of all the Flowers then  
 flourishing) upon his Cod-piece,  
 his Breeches lookt as if they had  
 been beset with Tulips, as if what  
 they cover'd conceal'd the same  
 Spring and lively Vigor as the  
 Earth that produc'd the natural  
 Colours: he spoke in Raptures,  
 for he disdain'd the very Sun that  
 glis'n'd upon his Carnations in  
 comparison of those Suns which  
 were



were by and by to devour his  
 Tarts. If a Nightingale chanc'd  
 to Warble, O Madam! quoth he,  
 this is Incomparable, but nothing  
 to the divine Melody of your Char-  
 ming Voice; his officious hand carry-  
 ed the Shepherdesses Fan, and some-  
 times he cool'd himself, & sometimes  
 her, and when he took it from  
 her Lips, he breath'd out nothing  
 but Sighs, that *Arabia Felix* had  
 lost all her Odors: The Shep-  
 herdesses that Grac't his Company  
 were like so many *Iris's*, full as  
 Gay, and altogether as full of  
 Tongue, laughing and smiling  
 they threw their heads about, as  
 if they had been willing they should  
 have fallen from their Shoulders,  
 to have been taken up like their  
 Gloves; so merry and so wanton,  
 as if they had never known a me-  
 lancholly Thought; so far from  
 seeming to have never been in  
 Love, that they seem'd to be the  
 Con-

Controllers of Love himself. The  
 sad Shepherd, at their approach  
 made them a most Reverend O-  
 beyfance, which they as mildly  
 return'd, calling him by his name,  
 but they were no sooner past, but  
 he laid violent hands upon his own  
 Hair, with such a Passion, as if  
 he would have pulled off as much  
 as would have made a Scourge to  
 have driven them out of the Alley.  
 These Shepherdesses, quoth he, I  
 know very well, and they know  
 me, and good Reason they have;  
 for, quoth he—casting a grim look  
 after them—but let that pass.  
 These are they that are called by  
 the names of *Precious Ones*, be-  
 cause of their Youth and Beauty,  
 and their civil Easiness to receive the  
 Caress of a Treatment. They go  
 for great Fortunes, quoth he, but  
 if the Shepherds their Fathers  
 could put them off with those  
 Clothes, the Devil of a Rag more  
 would

would they give them. Could there be but one found among them that had but a Portion really half as large as her Swallow, I fear I should go to my old trade again, and strive to undo one Taylor more than I have done : By and by came another Shepherd with a gang of another sort of Shepherdesses, they were as glorious as the former, but not so young as they, nor altogether so Handsom, they seem'd to move in a dancing posture, and now and then they would sing half a dozen Notes of a new Air : in their Discourse they seem'd to hold Arguments, and to talk upon Themes of Love; whatever they said, it was not for the Shepherd to reply, but only to listen, bow, and smile, and make a nod upon me of those that said nothing. However the sad Shepherd struck to them as they pass'd along, but when they were gone, these are they,  
quoth

I quoth he, that are called the *Ravishing Ones*. They are Witty, but  
 seldom Rich, which makes them  
 the more easie of Access: They  
 look High, and their chief Expe-  
 ctation is, when a wealthy Shep-  
 herd will fall into the Trap of  
 their Admiration, they gull, and  
 are gull'd, for the Shepherds that  
 obtain them, never think of mar-  
 rying till they are upon their last  
 Legs. In short, as it is their chief-  
 est Aim, so they make more Rapes  
 upon the Purse, than upon the  
 Heart. By and by another Shep-  
 herd, with a little small Shepher-  
 d's ~~club~~ his hand, no taller than  
 the wastband of his Breeches, so  
 that he lookt like the Fellow with  
 his Brother growing out of his  
 side, you would not think how  
 she prinkt it and prankt it, and  
 peer'd up in the Shepherd's Face,  
 she was always for looking back  
 upon those that passed by her tal-  
 ler

der than her self. The main of  
 her Discourse was, No I'll swear,  
 no I vow, no I'll Pish. The sad  
 Shepherd put off his Hat to her,  
 as well as to the rest, for which he  
 receiv'd a Courtesie with her Chin  
 in her Neck. There's one of the  
*Mining Minions*, quoth he, she's  
 Rich, but her Wit and her Waist  
 are both of a size. The next that  
 followed, were 3 strapping Shep-  
 herdesses, Elderly in years, they  
 sang and giggled, and shew'd a  
 large stock of Confidence, they  
 had no Shepherd to attend them,  
 yet they were saluted by many, with  
 your humble Servant Lady's. The  
 good Shepherd little regarded them,  
 for quoth he, these are the *Evapo-  
 rated Ones*, they are almost out of  
 date, yet sing prick-Song without  
 Book, and discourse upon all Sub-  
 jects without fear or wit, tho they  
 bear no Malice to any person, if  
 you will be so credulous as to be-  
 lieve

lieve what they say. Toward the Evening, and just upon Sun-set, we heard a couple of Chariots stop at the Garden-Gate, and straight in marcht a Crew of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, the Shepherds huffing and dinging, the Shepherdesses flanting and ranting, *Juno's* with *Ganimedes* bearing their Trains, they did so lowt and stare, that they clear'd all before them, their Talk was lowd, and presently the Husbandman that owned the Garden was called for, who came creeping and cringing to receive their Commands. These presently enquired what Rarities he had ready, who presently returned them a Banquet of hard Names, that would have puzzled the Master of *Paul's* School, or the Art of Memory it self. Have you any *Champignons*, crys one of the Shepherds? yes and it please you, cry's the Husbandman, drest *a-la-mode*  
de

*de France* cry'd the Shepherd? Yes, and it like your Honor, quoth the Husbandman, for I hate the damn'd English way of dressing *Champignons*, for the *Devil Damme*, Madam, quoth he, if they don't make me sick. The sad Shepherd made his Obeysance to them, as they pass'd along, but they little regard-ed him. These, quoth he, are the most ingrateful Shepherdesses of all living, for when you have spent all your Estate and all your Marrow to boot on them, they think they have received nothing but their due. The Reason why they appear in the Dark is, because they fly the Sun, as the other avoid the Rain, the Sun annoys their Faces, more than Rain the others habits. For these are they who are called *Besmear'd Ones*, *Varnish-Daubers*, to whom *Phæbus* is a great Enemy, whilst Plai-sterers

G

sterers

sterers and Red-Painters, with whom when a Man converses, he talks to that which is not. He believes that such a one speaks to him, when there is no such thing, no wonder no Painter can draw them right, when they draw themselves so wrong, nor is it a wonder they should so much forget themselves, that in a short time are not able to know their own Faces when they meet them in their Looking-Glasses. The poor Shepherds seem to be accompanied only with the beloved Statues of their own making, enlivened by the kindness of the Gods and their own importunate Prayers. Time ploughs up their Faces, but they fill up the Furrows so thick, that when they are dead, they look like meer pieces of Plaster of *Paris*. They retir'd to their Collation, and we stayed  
their



their return, when they were gone we thought it time to go too, so marching out we met the husbandman of the house coming from the Gate muttering and swearing to himself. What cause of so much wrath, quoth the sad Shepherd; to whom the husbandman chafing and fretting return'd, quoth he, These Gay Shepherdesses ye saw last, have devoured above three Pounds, and the huffing Shepherd that Treated them had no Mony, but hath sent me with a Note to his Grocer to take it out in Tobacco. This is my Comfort, that if the Grocer be wise we may chance to make the Fool pay six for his three : There's no trusting without Profit, Nature will have it so, we were born to get, and they to spend. They say, quoth the sad Shepherd, the Garden of Eden is no where to be found,

what if it be not, were I an An-  
 tiquary, trust me, if I would wait  
 one quarter of a sheet about it,  
 for here is a Garden as like it as  
 can be imagined, here is the know-  
 ledge of *Good* and *Evil*, here is  
 the *Forbidden-Fruit*, here is the  
 Tempter and the Tempted. There  
 is only the difference that in the first  
*Eden* the *Serpent* was too Cunning  
 for the *Woman*, here the *Women*  
 are too Cunning for the *Serpent*.  
*Jupiter* defend me! how these emp-  
 ty-skull'd Shepherds will boast to-  
 morrow at their Ordinary, of the  
 Honor they had to keep Company  
 with these painted Images, all the  
 Table shall ring of the Favor she  
 did him to let him kiss her Hand,  
 to tell him this or t'other Story:  
 Nor is this Career to be stopt till  
 some Cynical Shepherd stands up  
 and swears he had rather keep com-  
 pany with a Kitchen-Wench, than  
 a paint-

a painted Shepherdess: upon this they go together by the Ears, and it looks like the Contest between the Greek and Roman Church, whether Images or no Images, so long as there is no other harm done, 'tis not unpleasant to see one carry his Arm in a Scarf, another with a black piece of Sarcenet upon his Knuckles. *Paris* had never more Right to *Helena*, nor *Perseus* to *Andromeda*, than they believe themselves to have right to the vindicated Shepherdess. If they prick one another upon *Putney-Heath*, or in *Barn-Elm-Fields*, 'tis not half a penny matter, it does but wast the unruly Red, that would turn to unruly white, so long as no person falls a Sacrifice to the fucus'd Diety.

Could Man but view from some remoter Sphere,

The idle businesſes of Man-kind  
here;

With how much Industry ſome  
Men contrive;

Scarce to keep any but themſelves  
alive :

With how much Rains and Sweat  
ſome Men deſign,

To waſt their Fathers Care in  
Dice and Wine.

Whilſt others on a Noſe or Eye  
ſhall ſpend.

A whole years Thrift before an hour  
can end ;

They'd ſwear that time were now  
grown prodigal,

Of his own hours, and Fate more  
lavish call :

To give ſo long a Life to fooliſh  
Men,

To ſpend in ore and ore the ſame  
agen.

And would not Bartholin now  
laugh to hear,

Ye say such Souls as these Immor-  
tal were !

Souls that no better seek nor bet-  
ter know,

But are content with Pleasures  
only show.

Immortal Souls know more, if  
we guess right,

And Body's must be chang'd to  
clear the sight :

But tho the Body's chang'd there's  
none that say

The Soul shall e're be chang'd at  
any day :

Then only earthly Mixtures must  
Compose,

Such Frames where such mean Sa-  
tisfaction grows.

The Education of the Shepher-  
dessees and Huswives in Betty-land,  
is most preposterous and contrary to  
the Politick Rules of all other Go-  
vernments. The better sort are

generally bred up in the Imaginary Castles and Towers of *Acrisus*, called *Boarding-Schools*, kept by a certain sort of she-Creatures that will pretend to be whatever you will have them to be: say they shall be she-Dragons, and they shall be such, if you would have them to be the *Arguses*, they shall perswade ye that they are such, and rather than excuse themselves for not having so many Eyes as he had, they shall allow you sixscore to the hundred. And withal to magnifie the security of their Vigilancy, that the very Sun it self shall not dare to peep through the Glass whilst they are in the Room. If you will have them to be she-*Centaur*s, she-*Centaur*s they shall be, of which there appears not a little probability, for in these places it is, that the young Shepherdes first learn the Art of Horsemanship

manſhip and Horſe-play, firſt riding one another, and then in a ſhort time after, riding quite away with ſome Shepherds or other, to the great Conſolation of their Parents. For you muſt know, that *Jupiter* is Lord of the *Ascendent* in all theſe Houſes, and his golden Showers will go through the very pores of the Tiles. There are Appurtenances belonging to thoſe Houſes of Female Inſtruction. *Imprimis*, Dancing-Maſters, a certain ſort of Cattle, to which the young Shepherdſſes give more Adoration, than the *Ægyptian* to their Cow *Iſis*. Meer Apes, and the worſt of Apes, as being French Apes, herein unfortunate that there never was any foolery invented yet, ſo impertinent and unneceſſary in the world as the foolery of Dancing, herein fortunate, that the Age is ſo unfortunate to

be their Apes. Yet the young Shepherdesses endeavour to imitate them, and the old ones are so mad as to let them, but then they rue it, when they find the young Huswifes have been dancing so long that they can hardly go, for the weight of their Bellies. This is the Art that first witches them to kick up their heels by the powerful Charms of gesticular and obscene Motion, by the Opportunities of palming, kissing, and treading upon the Toe, and striking while the Iron is hot, which is the Reason that the good natur'd Souls cannot refuse to dance a *Coranto* with the Dancing Master himself. I know said *Emelius* in one small place of Education, two Families of 3 Sisters apiece totally laid common, by the Insinuations of this Art, and one more of another Family, which me thought was  
 pity



pity, for 'twas all the old Shepherds had. Not unlikely, said *Encolpion*, but more than that, how many Antick Dancers whose Clothes have been made streight to their Limbs, have been sent far off the Stage by great Shepherdessesto allay the strength of Imagination. They have a Musician too, of whom they learn half a dozen Lessons on Virginals, and 3 or 4 sing Songs by Rote. A little Musick goes a great way with them, only to make a Caterwauling noise, when their Parents come to see them, and to show they do not give their Money for nothing. Besides all this, they learn very dextrously to play the little Thieves for their Bellies, to Junket in corners, which they practise afterwards to the no small Expence of their Espousers, but for any Documents of Modesty, Chastity, good Huswifery, or well ordering.

ordering of a Family, it is not required by their Parents, that they should be much (if any thing at all) instructed therein, which is the reason that as soon as they come out of these places, they presently travel into *Betty-land*, and never more return into their own Country.

The people of *Betty-land* are subject to several Diseases, both of Mind and Body, particularly among the Females, there is one Disease that universally Rages, call'd *Furor Uterinus*, the Stories of *Io* and *Passphæ* very plainly demonstrate the Rage of this Distemper. The first of which was in such a Condition, that she ran lowing up and down like a Cow for Cure, and the latter for the remedy of her Malady, was forc't to make use of a Bull. Two odd kinds

kinds of Receipts you'l say, but you know the Rule in Physick, a desperate Disease must have a desperate Cure. To say there is any absolute Cure for this Disease is a folly, for there is nothing cures it but death, yet the heat and present fury of the Distemper is often allay'd by the Application of proper Pessaries, of which there must be prepar'd Variety still at hand, and those hourly made use of, or else they signifie nothing, of this Distemper *Virgil* thus speaks;

*Hic Aredelis amor tauri supposita-  
-que furto,  
Paliphae mistumque genus proles-  
-que deformis,  
Minotaurus inest Veneris monu-  
-menta nefanda.*

*The Bull thus lov'd, and for the  
sport full fed*

*Into*

*Into the Straw Pasiphae crept in  
 Bed,  
 Thence a mixt Offspring, strange  
 prodigious Fools,  
 Men, Men in all parts, Pelfish  
 foreheads Bulls:  
 For Minotaur and Cuckolds are  
 the same,  
 Witness both the Conception and  
 the Name.  
 Fie, Lipsius, Fie, to read all  
 Virgil o're,  
 And not perceive whence Cuckolds  
 came before.*

*There is a Distemper among the  
 Shepherds call'd Priapismus, which  
 if it meet with this Furor Uterinus,  
 will hold it pretty tack. It is a  
 kind of Giant-like Distemper, that  
 lifts its head most stiffly against Fu-  
 ror Uterinus, as having a perfect  
 Animosity against it: If they hap-  
 pen to run-counter, the Combat*

is

is fierce and endures long, many times as long as either Shepherd or Shepherdes can crawl or breath, but without any satisfaction of their Revenge. And therefore the best way is for them to let one another alone; this *Furor Uterinus* is that which make the Poet *Euripides* cry out, *οὐ οὐ βέλους* *Ερωτες* *ωσχανον* *μεγα*.

Heavens blest us, I know are Mortals  
Tennis ball'd,  
With this grand Mischief Amorous  
Fury call'd.

This is that which distracts the whole Region of *Betty-land*, the *Boule* fear of domestick Discord and publick Havock. This is that which bankrupts the Gentry, and hurries the poor Merchant and Tradesmen headlong into the Sanctuary of the *Fleet* and *King's Bench*.

*Bench.* The profusion of Habit,  
the Prodigality of Diet, the waste  
of Visits, the Consumption of En-  
tertainments. Thence *Hippolitus*  
in *Euripides* falls into such a high  
Passion that he Exclaims,

ὦ Ζεὺς ἢ δὲ καὶ σκληρὸν αἰσχροπρεπὲς  
καὶ γυναικας, &c.

O Jupiter! what cause of thy so  
cruel Fate,  
That thou didst Women thus for  
Man created

If 'twere thy Aim to propagate  
Mankind,

The Female way ought not to have  
been design'd

But men into thy Temples should  
have brought,

Or Brass, or Steel, or Gold more  
purely wrought,

That couldst not thou have chang'd,  
and then might we

Have

*Have liv'd in Peace from Female  
Fury free.*

Some of the Effects of this *Fur-  
or Ulerinus* happens to be as Co-  
mical as the other is Tragical, while  
some poor Shepherds are found  
lock'd up in Trunks, others whelm-  
ed under kneading-Troughs; and  
there kept till their own Shepher-  
desses are sent for, to receive the  
same kindnesses over their Backs,  
which they had done to their  
Neighbours.

There are also several Frenzies  
in *Betty-land*, the chiefest where-  
of is known by the name of *being  
in Love*, so that you shall hardly  
read a Romance wherein the Prime  
*Hero* of all does not waste himself  
to Skin and Bones for the Love of  
some fair Shepherdess or other,  
what a deal of white Paper has  
been

been wasted, to tell you in what  
 sad Condition *Demetrius* was in, how  
 his Cheeks grew pale, his Eyes  
 grew hollow, how he fell from his  
 meat like a Hen troubled with the  
 Pip, what a Fever he had, how  
 he reviv'd at the sight of her, and  
 all for the Love of his Mother-in-  
 Law : Nay, and the old doting  
 Shepherd his Father was forced to  
 quit the pleasure of his old Age  
 to save the young Fop his Son, O  
 most unparallel'd Success of a *Berry-  
 land* Frenzy ! They that put *Tere-  
 sius* upon Interrogatories whether  
 he enjoy'd most satisfaction as a  
 Man or a Woman, might as well  
 have put the question to this young  
 Shepherdess, which she lik'd best,  
 the Father or the Son. Worse luck  
 had *Phadra*, who was so mad as  
 to hang herself for the Love of her  
 Son-in-Law *Hippolitus*. Worse luck  
 had *Dido*, who was so mad as to  
 burn



burn herself. Worse luck had *Ec-  
cho*, to kill herself for the Love  
of *Narcissus*, but a more conceit-  
ed Fool was *Narcissus* to kill him-  
self for Love of his own sha-  
dow.

The same Frenzy possessed *This-  
be*, *Hero* and *Parthenia*, for the  
Loss of *Pyramus*, *Leander* and *Ar-  
galus*, there is scarce a Book in all  
*Betty-land*, where some or other  
have not been forc'd to quench the  
heat of their Frenzies, even to the  
extinction of Life it self. If you  
ask the Cure, I can tell you none,  
but the Remedies already menti-  
oned, that is to say, Ropes, Ri-  
vers, Fires and Precipices.

Sterility and Frigidity are two  
great Distempers in *Betty-land*, but  
they do more pester and trouble  
the Country than annoy it. Steri-  
lity

lity causes great Murmuring, and Frigidity causes great Heart-burning. And the sport is to hear them lay the fault one upon another, there being few or none that are willing to confess where the fault lies. Away goes the Shepherdess to her Neighbors for Information, you, quoth she, have all of y<sup>e</sup> such pretty little young Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and I can have none, which is the greatest Torment to me in the world; upon this complaint, many deep questions are put, so freely answered, that there is not a Secret in Nature conceal'd. Many times there is a Writ of Enquiry in the case, and all things are concluded to be safe and well: Then is the poor Shepherds Back agreed to be the weaker, and yet the whole burthen and weight of miscarriage is laid upon it. It would tire Her-  
viii cules

cules himself to undergo the labor,  
 which he is now put upon; howe-  
 ver the better to enable the poor  
 Shepherd to dig and sow in his  
 Parly-Bed, Physicians of all Sorts,  
 Ages and Sexes are consulted with,  
 certainly the most gainful and de-  
 lightful part of their Practise, to  
 sit with an allow'd Familiarity by  
 a Fair Shepherdesse half wreathy in  
 a morning, passing away the time  
 so pleasantly, at the pretty sport  
 of Questions and Answers, formo-  
 ving, so tickling, that they would  
 kindle a fire in the frozen Breast  
 of a Hermite. They prescribe the  
 Time, the Preparation, the Po-  
 sition, Manner and Order of Affi-  
 on, and must have an Account,  
 question by question, whether e-  
 very Lesson were punctually ob-  
 served. Then having received a  
 large Reward, you cannot imagin  
 with what a solemn Countenance  
 and

and merry Heart they take their leave, for which they so cram ye with Electuaries of *Diagalyron* and *Diacorum*, so benoynt ye with Oyl of *Enphorb.* so feast you with candied *Eringoes*, *Pisslarbo's*, pickled *Berwinkles*, *Cock-Jellies* and sweet *Wine*, that were not the poor Shepherds forced to empty as well as fill, Heaven only knows to what a Strength and Fatness they would arrive. And truly they work strange Cures sometimes. Others there are, that from Gun-Smiths, Farriers and Coblers, having got a few idle Receipts against Barrenness and Sterility, got such a Fame in *Berry-Land* presently, that their Halls are crowded all the morning long with Nurses coming for half Crown-Glasses, and for this they have a Poundage according to the Custom that they bring. Ask some of these great  
Para-

*Paracelsus's* why they add the Vir-  
 tues of curing Sterility and Frigi-  
 dity to a simple Pill which they  
 know has no such Efficacy: O they  
 cry! that's the Cummin-Loaf that  
 takes with the Female Pidgeons,  
 but when all is done, he gives the  
 most pleasing Physick that whispers  
 in a Shepherdesse's Ears, *Change*  
*Vostre Vit Madam*, and who can  
 dispute the Licence which a *Del-*  
*phian Oracle* gives. But the grand  
 Senior Disease of all that domi-  
 neers and rages in every corner of  
*Betty-land*, is a Distemper that has  
 as many Names and Titles, as the  
 Great Turk himself, his *Prænomen*  
*is morbus*, his *Cognomen's* are like  
 the Train of a *Pleni-Potentiary Em-*  
*balladors Coach*, *Neapolitanus, Hi-*  
*spanicus, Gallicus, Americanus, Mex-*  
*icanus, Venerens, Lues Venerea, Go-*  
*norrhæa simplex, Gonorrhæa Fetida,*  
 in English the Pox. These 3 Ca-  
 pital

pital Letters wast more Printers-Ink, than all the whole Alphabet besides; a man cannot draw to make water, but they are always in his Eye bragging and vapouring what they can do if he have occasion. This Monsieur Pox, and the Devil, like your Serjeant and Yeomen, upon the least Choler and Indignation are at every turn (by the Shepherds of *Bettyland*) bid to go take and apprehend whoever they be that offend them, and they are two such nimble Pursivants, that 'tis the general opinion that few or none escape one or t'other.

Most faithful Shepherds, 'tis not to be believ'd, that this Distemper is of so modern an Extraction, such an upstart destroyer of Mankind as it is generally taken to be, for in the first place we read of  
De-

*Dejanira's* Shirt, which as the Fa-  
 ble tells ye she sent to *Hercules*,  
 which being set on fire by the heat  
 of his Body, burnt him to death.  
 All which in verity was nothing  
 but a most virulent Clap, which  
 that Confounded Whore gave the  
 greatest *Hero* in the World in his  
 old Age, better had it been for  
*Betty-land* that that Strumpet had  
 been burnt a hundred years before,  
 for the Example of that great *He-*  
*ro* has so bewitcht the *Hectors* of  
 our Age, that they never think  
 themselves like *Hercules*, till they  
 have been calcined in *Dejanira's*  
 Smock. Aged *Æson* was so im-  
 provident, as to get a Clap in his  
 old Age, but his Daughter *Medea*  
 so well sweat him in her *Corneli-*  
*us's* Tub, that she recovered him,  
 which gave an occasion to the  
 Poets to feign, that she boyld  
 him so long till she renewed hi  
 H Age.

Age. And *Valerius Maximus* tells you a Story of young *Clodius Pulcher*, who being a dissolute young Shepherd, and wholly dedicating himself to the Embraces of a Common and Infamous Syren: *Erubescendo mortis genere Consumptus fuit*, dy'd a Death which was a shame to rehearse, for saith he, *Abdomine avide devorato fæde & sordide Intemperantiæ spiritum reddidit*. The lower parts of his Belly being all eaten away, he yielded his Life to the conquest of most nasty and sordid Intemperance.

The fury of this Distemper is antiently set forth by the Greek Poet *Nicander* in his *Alexipharmacum*, who lived in the time of

*Attalus*



*Attalus the last King of Perga-*  
*mus,*

Ἡ δὲ το Μυθεῖς Κολαχιδος ἐχθρὸν  
 μένον πυρ,

Κεῖνο πῶλον διξήται ἱφήμερον ὑπαρὰ  
 χεῖλη

Λεωμενευ διαλυῖται ἐάπτεται ἐν  
 ἀσθι κνηθμῳ.

*For if the vigour of Medean Fu-*  
*ry but once*

*Begins to parch the Marrow of*  
*the Bones,*

*Wo worth the Man that finds not*  
*Surgeon out*

*And if he scapes the first, takes*  
*to'ther bout,*

*When wasted with inexorable*  
*Pains,*

H 2

He

He moans the Anguish spread  
through all his Veins:

Oh cruel Pleasure that we buy so  
dear,

For one hours sport to playne a  
Man a year.

Surely, said *Encolpius*, to pass  
through the several Hospitals,  
where the Cures of this Distem-  
per are perform'd, is a Journey  
more pleasant than that of *Æ-  
neas* into Hell, to see a poor  
Shepherd with his Head and  
Chops muffled up like *Bevis* of  
*Southampton* in his Helmet, lay'd  
all along upon the side of his  
Couch, like the Statue of *Tha-  
mesis* pouring out a River from  
the Urn of his Mouth. To hear  
the strange Noises and hollow  
Sounds, that others make having

lost the Organs of Speech, how they curse and ban the Artift for not having made their new Noses according to Directions, for having made a new Pallat more like the Roof of an Oven than to be put into the Mouth of a Gentleman. Go a little further and you shall hear another fuming against the cause of his Misfortune, a plague of all Religious Syrens—had she not told me, she had been one of *Baxter's* Hearers, she should have been damn'd ere I wou'd have medled with her. How I came by this sad Accident, cry's another, Heav'n knows! for I have not laid with any but my own Shepherdes this half year, but he is soon taken up short by his fellow in Affliction——Hell take your Shepherdes for me, for I had to do with her

but a week since and she gave me this. A huge mountainous Shepherd, Grave and Elderly, had been claw'd off by a little diminutive Pigmy, and he sat in his Indian-Gown, with a blew Satin-Cap, Laced and Bordered with a Rich Point, comforting himself up with *Hall's Meditations*, *Shakespeare*, and *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, and giving wholesome Advice to all that came to see him. O my dear Friends and Companions! quoth he, have a care of Syrens, little approaching to a door fast lockt ye might discover through the Key-hole, a poor Shepherdess disconsolately creeping about the Room, lamenting and sighing to her self, and at length heaving a Glass of Liquor to her Mouth, which went down with so many sour Faces and with so much

re-

reluctancy, that it seem'd to be  
 neither *Hippocras* nor burnt-  
 Claret. Are these the sweets of  
 Love, quoth she? The Pleasures  
 of my Youth have sour Sawce,  
 for I am undone and never shall  
 be my own Woman again. But  
 the old Nurse that was with  
 her, cry'd, Have patience and  
 all will be well in due time,  
 'twas his Ignorance, and you  
 must pardon one another. Par-  
 don me, quoth the other, what  
 am I guilty of? Alas! I beg'd  
 as for an Alms to tell me the  
 truth, and he still cry'd, it was  
 a Strein, that he got it at playing  
 at Leap-frog, I pityed him, I  
 nursed him, and plaistered him,  
 till it was come to that I could  
 almost look in at his Mouth quite  
 through the nape of his Neck,  
 then too late I discovered my  
 Error and his Untruth. The

Distemper is so general, that a Man cannot shrink up his Nose in any Company, for the shooting of a Corn against wet weather, but they ask ye——what ha, you have got 'em. Now as there are many Philosophers that have largely treated of Valour and Fortitude, many that have made Essays upon Patience, but none of these make any mention of those that so boldly and magnanimously Adventure Life and Limbs in the Combates of *Venus*. He that looses a Limb in Battle reaps Honor, and Scars beget Reputation. But let a Venereal *Furioso* with a Colly-Flower upon his Forehead Encounter *Bacchus* himself never so briskly, his Nose which by this means he is forc'd to purchase of pure Gold is not so much esteemed as the others  
 wooden

wooden Leg, no man calls them  
*Heroes* but Fools. And therefore  
*Hercules* is not brought in mad  
 by the Poets for having the  
 Disease, but because he was such  
 a Fool to get it, 'twas a swim-  
 mer, and he dy'd on't. But be-  
 cause *Hercules* the Hector of the  
 World dy'd on't, that's no Ar-  
 gument that the Hectors of *Bet-  
 ty-lane* should run such terrible  
 Risques for the sag and of *Her-  
 cules* his Fame. Therefore *Nes-  
 sus* the Centaur, who gave *De-  
 janira* her Doze, gave the bet-  
 ter Advice, who being slain by  
*Hercules* for violating his Mistress  
 upon his death-bed left *Dejani-  
 ra* this Legacy. Give, quoth  
 he, the same Clap to *Hercules*  
 that I have given you, and I'll  
 secure you, he shall never love  
*Syrens* more. The effect of  
 which Counsel was good, and  
 doubt-

doubtless to be followed rather than the Example of *Hercules*, most fit for those that accidentally commit an Error to take warning by in time. But they that try the Experiments for the Experiments sake, deserves no better end than *Hercules* had, but what Remedies? Remedies! more than there are Atoms playing in the Summer-Sun-Beams.

A Distemper that opposes the Generation of Man, to set up and advance its own generative faculty.

For it has produc't and daily procreates such multitudes of Vermin and strange Monsters, that the sultry Bogs of *Africa* never produc'd the like. *French Quacks*, *Italian Mountebanks*, *German Operators*, *Englist Empericks*, *Experienc't Hunters*, *Universal Pill-makers*, *Paracelsians*, *Chimists*, *Hermetical*



*Hermetical Astrologers, Compounders, Confounders, Projectors, Dissectors, Injectors.* These made such an Alarm in the world, that the *Curats, Parish-Clerks, and Sextons*, nay the whole *Prerogative Office* was in an up-roar, and all joyning together, drew up a Remonstrance, which they presented to Death. One of the *Curates* in a formal set-Speech, inform'd his meagre Majesty of the danger he was in, how many new Pills, Potions, Waters, Elixirs, Spirits of Salt, Lozenges, and Chymical Extractions these Enemies of his had invented to his Destruction. To commiserate the Ruin of so many Families that liv'd by Dust to Dust, Grave-digging, Bell-telling, Chancel-ground, middle-Isle-ground, and Belfry-ground. To pity the decay of the

the Civil-Law, should they lose the Probat of Wills: On the other side, the people of *Bettyland* finding that they were now to be immortal, fell to all manner of Debauchery, Gluttonizing, Drinking, Whoring, to the height of all Excess, laying all care of Health aside, as altogether needless and frivolous, encountering Claps and Pox with that boldness, as if they had done it in defiance of Death, making Lampoons against that poor Miscreant, as if he had not been worthy to wipe their Shoes. As for *Old Time* with his Scyth, they bid him go to Harvest-work, and labor hard in the Summer, lest he is starved in the Winter; some ask him why he did not make friends to get into the *Charterhouse*. *Death* and *Time* too were  
 not

not a little troubled to hear these things, and therefore to understand the truth of their Practices, they resolved to take a turn or two about the Town. The main Obstacle was to get into *Moorfields*, where the chief heads of the Rebellion liv'd for fear of the Prentices. But time being the master of Opportunity, bid him leave that to his Care: so coming into the Street, they beheld to their no small Astonishment, all the Posts, all the dead Walls, all the Posterns, all the Arches to be plastered, so be-smeared with Bills and printed

printed Papers bidding open defiance against them, as if the Bricks and Stone would sink under their several burthens with the Support and Enablement of these potent Scar-Cloths. By and by comes a Fellow with a Brush and pot of Past, and his Arms full of Quarto's, and giving Death such a shoulder, as had almost thrown him in to the Kennel, claps up another brisk Challenge ith very teeth of him; Death let him go as he came, for he did not like his Company, and when he was gone fell to Reading. In the first place

place, No Cure no Mony,  
 Cheek by Jowl by that stood,  
 At the Gun in *Moorfields* li-  
 veth one that never fails. Much  
 also had *Time* to keep *Death*  
 from striking his Dart into  
 his own Breast, at the sight  
 of these two confident pieces  
 of Mortality. But when he  
 lift up his Eyes, and spy'd  
 the *Three Infallible Cures*. *Dii*  
 and *Pluto* guard me, quoth  
*Death*, *Three Infallible Cures*,  
 Then wo is me poor *Death*!  
 I never knew my self till  
 now, a whole Crown for  
 one quarter of Brandy, for  
 these bold Mortals have al-  
 most broke my Heart. But  
 time

time the subtler of the two, gave him kind words of Comfort, assuring him that he doubted not but in a short time to let these Boasters find how vainly they contested with so great a Prince as he was. But as publick as they are abroad, they pretend the greatest Secrecy imaginable at their own Habitations. For the People of Betty-land whatever Revel-Rout they make when they get this Distemper, yet when they find themselves tainted, are the most cautious that can be to let their Friends, Relations, or Acquaintance know it. They

They sneak into the Habitations of the Syrens with their Cloaks over their Noes, pop out again when they see the Street clear, but within doors are ashamed of no Extravagance, for pleasure is a kind of drunkenness that makes men mad, puts all the Senses and Passions upon the stretch of duty, and when the heat is over, lays them tyrd and languid to sleep, leaving none but the usual Centinels upon the Guard, Suspicion, Fear, and Repentance.

**FINIS.**

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